



THE Liguorian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

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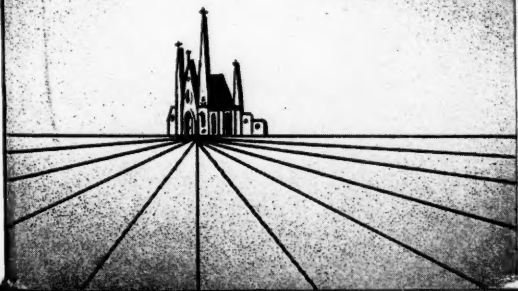
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Amongst Ourselves

A request comes from Ireland asking whether The Liguorian can be subscribed for in that country and how this can be done. The answer is that The Liguorian can be sent to any country in the world, except possibly Russia, where it is probably already on the banned list. However, the currency laws of Ireland forbid the sending of money out of the country except in payment for items duly ordered, for which the order or bill must be shown. Therefore if a person in Ireland wants to receive The Liguorian, he should send in his order for a year's subscription without enclosing money; then we shall bill him as per his order, and the bill will make it possible for him to send us the subscription price. A year's subscription in Irish money would cost 12 shillings. Let it be noted carefully that Irish postal money orders are not redeemable in the United States. Every so often we receive such postal orders from Ireland, but their senders do not seem to realize that they can be redeemed only in Ireland. For payment of bills in the United States, only international postal orders or bank drafts should be used. There may be persons in Ireland who would be interested in acting as semi-official agents for The Liguorian in

that country. We should be happy to hear from them, asking, of course, that responsible credentials be forwarded, which would have to be investigated by ourselves. The same offer of negotiations holds for other English speaking countries.

We make our first announcement this month of our annual offer to cooperate with those who wish to give a year's subscription to The Liguorian as a Christmas gift to friends or relatives. We possess a large file of correspondence with readers whose first acquaintance with The Liguorian came through receiving it as a gift from a friend, and who in turn have given it as a gift to other friends. We even have figures to show that during the past few years the number of Liguorian readers who have given it as a gift at Christmas time, has surpassed, proportionately, the number of such gifts obtained by many secular magazines. Certainly the 768 pages of varied reading matter, without advertising or promotion, that a year's subscription to The Liguorian represents, constitute as large and fruitful a return on a \$2.00 investment as can be found today. Plan to place a few Liguorian subscriptions on your list for Christmas presents this year.

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THE *Liguorian*
a magazine for the lovers of good reading



*Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy
and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings*

Let's Take the Bible

An analysis of a type of literature that every American has seen or will see at some time in his life. It is the Protestant religious tract, or "salvation leaflet".

D. F. Miller

WHEN YOU happen to stop in a small town railroad station, or a department store lounge, or when you ride on a street car in some cities, you are apt to see, conveniently located near you, a pamphlet rack filled with Protestant religious tracts and marked with a sign "Take One". As you travel about the country by car, you cannot but notice, in the oddest places, sometimes painted on a hillside rock, sometimes splashed across a full-size billboard, such legends as "Jesus Saves", or "Believe on the Lord Jesus and Thou Shalt Be Saved". If you enter into conversation or correspondence with a serious-minded Protestant of almost any denomination, it is very likely that you will end up with a packet of leaflets and pamphlets that you are to read and study at your leisure.

Thus there is a vast literature of Protestantism making the rounds, turning up here and there and everywhere. It is intensely earnest in its message, almost always direct, not to say abrupt, in its address (*You* must believe, *You* must be saved, etc.), and it hardly ever fails to register a firm and sometimes scornful denial of either the whole position of the Catholic Church or of some doctrine or practice connected with it.

This popular literature of the railroad station, street car, rest room and department store lounge, affects little pretense of scholarship; the sentences are short, the words are small, the message is simple. (We exclude the Christian Science literature from this study, which is anything but simple.) Because not too many Catholics know what the principle message of Protestant tracts is, and because still fewer Protestants have ever seen it analyzed and compared with the Bible, we offer this study for the benefit of both Catholics and Protestants alike. This is not a discussion of, nor a judgment on, persons; it is solely a study of the message that Protestant tracts are offering to the American people.

The principal burden of Protestant tracts, the point on which they all reach a certain amount of agreement (with exceptions, of course), is this: It is faith in Jesus Christ alone that saves a person, and nothing else is necessary or useful to that end. Before us, as this is being written, there are a couple of dozen pamphlets and leaflets such as may be found in public places almost anywhere in the land. Lest we seem to have over-simplified their teaching, here are some sample quotations: A one-page

dodger in our hand has this title: "Seven Things That Will Not Secure Salvation." Then the seven things are listed as follows: "1) Church Membership; 2) Baptism; 3) Taking the Lord's Supper; 4) The Outward Observance of Religious Duties; 5) An Intellectual Reception of Christianity; 6) Giving to the Poor; 7) Morality or a Lovely Character." At the end of the list comes the admonishment: "Jesus said: You must be born again." Another pamphlet before us has this statement: "The plan of salvation by our works, as taught by the Roman Church, is directly against every parable and lesson taught by Jesus, the Christ. As I read the Roman version of the Bible, I found that it too condemned the idea that I could gain salvation by my works as clearly as the Protestant one. I was thus led to see that it was not a matter of translations but to accept and believe the teachings of the Bible. Christ definitely says in Mark, 16:16 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.'" (Note that baptism is here taken off the list of dispensable things enumerated above, and made an essential.) A third pamphlet, after discussing the futility of all churches, says: "My friends, you are saved, not by the Church, either Catholic or Protestant, but by a Person, and that person is the Lord Jesus Christ . . . 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'"

Among our samples there are, of course, some of the more outspokenly anti-Catholic. Here are a few titles of such: "Was the Roman Catholic Church founded by Christ?" "List of (40) Heresies and Human Inventions Adopted and Perpetuated by the Roman Catholic Church in the Course of 1600 Years"; "When Roman Catholics Read the Bible". All these pamphlets, after heavy salvos against the Catholic

Church, conclude that man is to be saved by faith in Christ alone, and that this is the teaching of the Bible, which Catholics know nothing about.

Now the answer to this almost universal theme of Protestant tracts is to be found in the very Bible that they say Catholics ignore. All genuine Catholics accept from the Bible the principle that faith in Jesus Christ is absolutely necessary to salvation. There are a hundred texts to prove this, and there is no need to quote them because every Protestant tract reproduces them repeatedly. But the same Bible (including Protestant versions) that emphasizes the need of faith for salvation, clearly states 1) that faith alone is not sufficient, and 2) that there are certain very specific other things that must be added to faith by any man who wants to be saved.

That "faith alone" is not sufficient for salvation could certainly be given no simpler and clearer expression than in the words of St. Paul, in I Corinthians, 13:2: "If I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." The Epistle of St. James, once deleted by Protestants from the Bible, but restored to most Protestant versions today, puts it this way: "If a man say he hath faith, but hath not works, shall faith be able to save him? . . . Faith, if it hath not works, is dead in itself. Even as the body without the spirit is dead, so also faith without works is dead." (James, 2:14-26) Even the Lord Himself said: "Not every man that saith to me 'Lord, Lord' shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doth the will of My Father shall enter the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 7:21)

But the Bible not only denies that "faith alone" is sufficient unto salvation; it lays down many other conditions of salvation in specific terms. In

fact, some of these conditions are so phrased in the Bible that a person could say, if, like the believers in "faith alone," he had an eye only for these texts, they are the only means of salvation. For example, Our Lord once said: "If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments." (Matt. 19:17) Nothing is here said about faith; on the surface it would appear that keeping the commandments is the only thing necessary to salvation. Such a conclusion would be wrong, of course, because the words of Our Lord must be taken as a unit and no one part isolated from another. But the believer in "faith alone" does isolate the texts about faith from the remainder of the Bible.

Perhaps this point is most clearly brought out in the answers to be found in the Bible to the dodger mentioned above, whose title is "Seven Things That Will Not Secure Salvation". For every one of the seven expendable things there mentioned, there is at least one Bible text (sometimes many) so forcefully phrased that there is as much ground for thinking it the only thing necessary for salvation as there is for thinking faith the only requirement. Look at them one by one, remembering that most Protestant tracts say that these things are not necessary for salvation.

1. *Church Membership.* In the 18th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew Our Lord gives directions as to what is to be done with an evil-doer among His followers. If private correction has failed to accomplish its purpose, even in the presence of a few witnesses, then, says the Lord, "appeal to the Church, but if he refuse to hear even the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." Thus the Lord states, in this instance, that it is not refusal to believe in Him that makes a man

a heathen, but refusal to listen to His Church. Furthermore, the Lord laid down a detailed list of rules for obedience to the Church, going so far as to say to the first rulers of His Church: "He that heareth you, heareth me; he that despiseth you, despiseth me." (Luke, 10:16) Our Protestant tracts say, in contradiction to this clear command, "Despise the Church and its leaders; only believe firmly in Christ." It is not Our Lord who would have it that way.

2. *Baptism.* There are people in the world who, having read the clear words of Christ as found in the Bible concerning baptism, seem to believe that little is necessary for salvation except baptism. In the text of Mark, 16:16, already quoted, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," one has just as much right (which is little) to choose baptism as the only essential for salvation as the tracts have to choose believing. Add to that the text of John, 3:15, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," and a still stronger case can be made out for baptism as the only essential; surely the text can give no comfort to those who have been taught that baptism "will not secure one's salvation". The point is, of course, that no man can be saved without baptism, but it does not mean that baptism is all that a man needs to be saved.

3. *Taking the Lord's Supper.* The Protestant tract writer is on very unscriptural ground when he makes light of the Lord's Supper or Communion as a requisite for salvation. For he must have, if he has read his Bible through at all, a lingering recollection of the stern and uncompromising words in which Christ spoke of Communion in the 6th chapter of the Gospel of St. John. "Amen, Amen I say to you, un-

less you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He who eats my flesh and drinks my blood has life everlasting and I will raise him up on the last day." (John, 6:54-55) This is a divine threat, every bit as strong as anything Christ or the Bible ever says on the importance of faith. If a religion could rightly be based on a single text of command to be found in the Bible, it could just as easily be this one as any other. The only true Christian religion accepts all the texts and all the commands of the Bible.

4. *The Outward Observance of Religious Duties.* Every Catholic will agree that the mere outward observance of religious duties, without the proper internal dispositions and virtues, is absolutely valueless in the sight of God. But he does not therefrom draw the unwarranted conclusion that internal sentiments of religion are entirely sufficient for salvation. The tract writer usually quotes the words of St. Paul in Galations, 2:10: "We know that a man is not justified by the works of the Law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ." But he is unaware, in concluding from this that good works are unnecessary, that here St. Paul was speaking to the Jews who were rejecting Jesus Christ and clinging to the Old Law which Christ had superseded. He forgets that under the Old Law the Jews were commanded by God to carry out many external religious observances, and that when Our Lord condemned the Pharisees for doing the external things while neglecting the internal, he did not make light of the former. Rather he said to them: "These things you ought to have done, while not leaving the others undone." (Matt. 20:23) So in the New Law, justification begins with faith, but faith does not release one from the

external rites of religion instituted by Christ, such as baptism and Holy Communion.

5. *An Intellectual Reception of Christianity.* It is a very curious thing to see the intellect of man derided as having nothing to do with his salvation. Man is man precisely because of his intellect; if you deny the connection of that faculty with the most important business of his life, you are treating him as if he were a mere animal. Why should anyone write a tract at all, which presumably people are to read and to think about, if the intellect has nothing to do with salvation? Belief is an act of the human intellect and will, and any belief that is not in some way supported by the intellect is senseless and foolish. All Our Lord's miracles were intended as an appeal to the intellect, by which men could be convinced that He was God and must be believed and obeyed. He called himself "the truth", and truth is the proper object only of the intellect. It is true, of course, that to recognize the divinity of Christ with the intellect is not enough to be saved; one must choose to accept and believe and follow Him. But one cannot choose to accept and believe and follow Him without the use of the intellect.

6. *Giving to the poor.* Here is one more of the Christian duties inculcated so clearly and strongly by Christ that one might, if unaccustomed to taking all His teachings as a unit, think it the sole necessity for salvation. For when, in the Gospel of St. Matthew, chapter 25, Our Lord describes the scene of judgment that will take place on the last day, he tells us that the judge will speak to both the just and the wicked as if giving to the poor had been the only obligation imposed upon them. As He invites the just into heaven, He will say: "Come, ye blessed of My Father

... for I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked and you covered me; sick and you visited me; I was in prison and you came to me." (Matt. 26:35) When the just will express surprise over this, the judge will answer: "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for me." In like manner He tells how the wicked will be condemned on the ground that they refused food, drink, clothing, etc., to the needy. In the face of this passage of the Bible, indeed, of Our Lord's own words, how can any Bible reader say that "giving to the poor will not secure salvation"? True, it is not enough alone, just as faith alone is not enough; but it certainly is required if Our Lord ever spoke the truth.

7. *Morality, or a Lovely Character.*

Do the tract writers mean to say that immorality need be no obstacle to salvation? It is true that Martin Luther maintained this, in the celebrated passage in which he wrote: "Be a sinner and sin on bravely, but have stronger faith and rejoice in Christ, who is the victor of sin, death and the world. Do not for a moment imagine that this life is the abiding place of justice; sin must be committed. To you it ought to be sufficient that you acknowledge the Lamb that takes away the sins of the world; the sin cannot tear you away from him, even though you committed adultery a hundred times a day and commit as many murders."

Thus it is possible to attribute the statement that morality is unimportant for salvation to Martin Luther, but it is blasphemous to attribute it to Christ or the Bible. Christ said: "If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments." (Matt. 19:17) He said,

when a lawyer among the Pharisees asked him which was the greatest commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and thy whole soul and thy whole mind. This is the greatest commandment and the first. And the second is like to it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments all the law and the prophets depend." (Matt. 22:37-40) The love of God and of man is the sum total of all morality, the making of the only "lovely character" man can possess, and Christ says it is the first and greatest commandment for salvation. As to the harmlessness of sin, such as the adulteries and murders of which Luther speaks, there are these words of St. Paul: "Do not err; neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor drunkards, nor the evil-tongued, nor sodomites, nor thieves, nor the covetous, nor drunkards, nor the evil-tongued, nor the greedy will possess the kingdom of God." (I Corinthians, 6:9-10)

Thus it can be seen that the Protestant religious tracts present a false picture of the Bible's teaching concerning what is needed for salvation. They are written, most of them, by men who have accepted a tradition that goes back only as far as Luther, and that grants to Luther a greater authority than that of the Bible they quote. For it was Luther who first by-passed all the above quotations of the Bible and gave the world the principle that "faith alone" is sufficient for salvation. It was Luther who, when some of his followers took him to task for adding the word "alone" to the word "faith" in one of the texts of the Bible speaking of the necessity of faith, said in reply: "If your papist objects so strongly to this word 'alone', tell him the Dr. Martin Luther wishes it to be so. . . . So do I wish it; so do I command."

Pre-Marriage Clinic

D. F. Miller

Problem: If one is deeply in love with a certain person, is not that sufficient for a happy marriage, even though others advise against the marriage? I am in love with a young man, and want to marry him, but everybody tells me he won't make me happy. I am so happy just being in love with him that I know I'll be happy in marriage.

Solution: It has been set down as one of the most futile things in life to argue with a young person already in love, who believes that the happiness of being in love is a true measure of the happiness that will be found in marriage. However, those of us who are interested in the happiness of married folk will still go on trying to convince young people of the danger of this mistake.

You say that *everybody* tells you that the young man you love cannot make you happy in marriage. I presume that this means your parents, your pastor or confessor, your close friends. Such unanimity can hardly be a result of conspiracy against you, or unfounded on good reasons. With eyes undimmed by the infatuation that makes you a poor judge of your boy friend, they must see something in his character that makes him unfit for the responsibilities of marriage. Perhaps he is shiftless and undependable; perhaps a drunkard; perhaps unprincipled or irreligious. After all, there are thousands of divorces in America each year, and tens of thousands of broken hearted wives. Can't you see that most of the latter married because they were breathlessly in love, and only afterward, too late, found out that love is not sufficient for a happy marriage?

You did not tell me on what ground *everybody* opposes your marriage to this boy, and therefore I do not say for certain that their opposition is justified. There is a good presumption that it is, however, from the fact that it is unanimous. I do say firmly, however, that you are clinging to a false principle when you say that "because you are happy just being in love with your boy friend, you know you'll be happy in marriage." It takes more than love, I assure you, to make a marriage happy, and sometimes it is only your parents, pastor, and good friends, who can tell you whether that something is present or absent.

The Fashion in Funerals

The folly of the devotees of this world is nowhere more clearly manifested than in their fashion with funerals.

L. G. Miller

A RECENT article in *Today's Woman* magazine was entitled "Should Funerals Be Abolished?" The answer afforded by the author, Margaret McKay, to this interesting question was in the affirmative, and she ascribed among other things as a reason for her stand that "funerals are a holdover from ancient funeral rites set up in ignorance by our savage ancestors, and have no place in modern society."

Well! we said to ourselves upon reading these remarkable lines. This good lady-author by her statement has laid bare a frame of mind which by all odds may be considered unusual in a country supposed to be basically Christian.

While we were pondering on how many there might be who shared her sentiments, we came across a letter in the correspondence section of *Time* which described the death and disposal of a certain elderly gentleman precisely along the lines suggested in *Today's Woman*. *Time*, in its usually forthright manner, had come forth with a blast of the trumpet against certain members of the undertaking profession for their high rates and shameless methods of publicity. The blast occasioned a number of letters, both pro and con, and this particular one was the crown jewel of them all.

In it the writer described in some detail how he had disposed of the remains of his father upon the unfortunate demise of that worthy gentleman. As soon as his father had been declared dead, the correspondent wrote, the body was carried off to a crematorium and

promptly reduced to ashes. These ashes were then enclosed in a small urn, which in turn was carried back to the original point of departure, and reverently set up on the mantelpiece. Next day a few select friends were summoned and at a prearranged hour they gathered in the front room. After a short period of easy conversation, all joined in the singing of one or two hymns or songs of a sentimental nature, following which refreshments were served. The friends then respectfully took their leave. Thus, the correspondent declared, the even tenor of life was not in the slightest disturbed by the intrusion of death, and father's absence in the flesh was scarcely adverted to, so quickly had been effected his transformation into an ornament for the mantelpiece.

Here then we have both the theory and the practice in the plan for abolishing funerals. What is there to be said for such a plan? Can it be justified in any way?

The answer, if one is unwilling to accept the full teaching of Christ, would seem to be an unqualified yes.

It does not take much observation of current modes and morals to reach the conclusion that death is being made the central figure in a grotesque tragedy-comedy that threatens to reach epic proportions. There are good undertakers and bad, but the bad ones are blowing up their profession to an unprecedented degree, and the competition among them is apparently so keen that every ruse known to salesmanship is brought into play to attract customers,

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or rather the survivors of customers, since the customers themselves have passed beyond the stage of being able to make any decision for themselves.

If the present trend in mortuary luxury endures, the next decade or two will see a succession of undertaking establishments dotting the country which will rival in elegance the great medieval cathedrals. Already plans are drawn for a mortuary parlor in a west coast city which will cost a million or more and which, if the blue-prints are fully carried out, will be a prime attraction for gawking visitors from all over the United States.

We may indeed by a supreme irony reach the highest peak of our civilization in the size and beauty of our elegant charnel-houses, and pass on to future races only the memory of having been first and foremost in dressing and dolling up the face of death.

There are plenty of signs already that the process is well under way. Hollywood, as might be expected, leads in the race for bigger and better burials, and the appointments of Forest Lawn cemetery there add up to a more fabulous scenario than ever was concocted by a script writer. As a kind of centerpiece in this mortuary fairy-land, the visitor beholds a beautifully wrought statuary group, beneath which can be read the following solemn and paradoxical inscription:

The mystery of life, largest sculptured group in Forest Lawn, has been acclaimed one of the finest contributions of modern sculpture to the art of the world. Professor Ernesto Gazzeri carved it expressly for Forest Lawn, because Forest Lawn has solved the Mystery of Life. In this mighty work, the figures are grouped about a mystic stream flowing from an unseen source towards an unseen destination. It raises the age-old question of that mysterious force we call life . . .

Here we have represented almost to perfection the basic philosophy, if one may call it that, of the secularist attitude towards death. Here is the fuzzy approach to reality implied in the glaring contradiction of the inscription. First it declares that Forest Lawn has solved the mystery of life; then it speaks of a "mystic stream flowing towards an unseen destination." In one sentence it promises the answer, and in the next poses the "age-old question of that mysterious force we call life," and peters out on that note with nothing solved and confusion multiplied.

Walk through this dream-world burial-ground and on all sides you will see indications of the inherent contradiction in the secularist outlook. You will find pretentious symbols for the eye—costly statues, elaborate and elegant landscaping, and a chapel that must have cost millions, with chaste marbles and inlaid mosaics of fabulous worth. Upon your ears will be borne the soft strains of familiar hymns from a carillon; you will be entranced by the scent of exotic flowers.

But what does it all mean? Why this pomp and splendor attached to death unless death means more than mere dissolution? You will not find the answer to that question in anything you see at Forest Lawn. Or rather, you may find the answer, but it will disappoint you. You may find a clue in the little signs located here and there in the beautifully kept slopes and valleys, little signs which mark out an area as the "Hill of Happy Memories" or the "Pool of Forgetfulness." The only answer to the problem of immortality there is this: There is no immortality, there is no hope. Let us in deference to an outworn creed whisper a meaningless prayer; let the minister of some watered-down religion speak ambiguously of a bloodless

"great beyond" over the polished remains of an actor four times divorced, but of course, we don't really believe it. Our only object is to cover over the ugly sight of death with more flowers, more soft music, and more sham.

Forest Lawn, of course, is only one of a number of such cemeteries throughout the land. You will find them on the outskirts of all our larger cities. You might at first glance mistake such a cemetery for a golf-course, since it has come to be considered vulgar to erect monuments over the graves. There will be no cross of any kind; the cross is a symbol of suffering, and suffering must never be alluded to. Generally in connection with such cemeteries there will be a costly mausoleum, where the ashes of the cremated rest in urns, each in its little niche along the marble walls. The enterprising proprietors of such a mausoleum near the City of St. Louis have taken to advertising their property by means of a roadside sign, which reads as follows:

**MOUNT HOPE MAUSOLEUM
PALACE OF ETERNAL REST**

1078 crypts warm in winter
28 rooms cool in summer

Not a Crematorium But a Place of Rest

That "warm in winter—cool in summer" offer, while obviously quite meaningless to a corpse, illustrates quite well the secularist frame of mind, which in its shallowness can think of nothing else to do for the dead but to establish their bones in a place of regulated temperature.

But perhaps this secularist outlook finds its clearest expression in a burial ground that has to be seen to be believed: the Hartsdale Animal Cemetery near New York. In this sumptuous graveyard the remains of dogs, cats and presumably pet seals are interred amidst

the greatest possible pomp and solemnity. A pseudo-minister speaks a few words over the coffin and before the mourners; a corps of undertakers in decent black are on hand to take in hand the last sad offices for the dead. You will find monuments here of all sizes and shapes, some of them worth a king's ransom; there is a small chapel; and a number of laborers work ceaselessly at keeping the grounds in beautiful repair. On certain days, I am told, memorial services are held, wreaths are laid on the graves, and grief is manifest on all sides.

All of this, of course, adds up to a belief that death is the end of all things, that there is no hope beyond the grave, only fruitless grief for those who are left behind. And if such a belief is correct, then the lady-writer in *Today's Woman* is certainly right in wanting to abolish funerals and all the sham and show which they entail. Why pander to the pain of bereavement, if to it, no genuine consolation can be offered?

But there is another attitude towards death which the poor bewildered secularist should investigate before he continues his campaign to abolish funeral rites. It is an attitude shared by 300 million people throughout the world and 25 million in the United States who call themselves Catholic. To a Catholic there are certain very basic reasons for holding funeral services over the dead, reasons which are based upon the following truths:

1. Catholics believe in the future resurrection of the body, which means that even though, when a person dies, his body decays and crumbles into dust, some day it will be raised up by the almighty power of God and will rejoin the soul, to be either rewarded or punished with it for all eternity. Because of this firm belief, it has always seemed

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appropriate to Catholics to treat the dead with reverence, to honor and bless the bodies of the faithful, and to give reasonable care to the graves in which they lie.

2. A Catholic funeral service is an occasion of special prayers for the deceased person. It is and has always been a part of Catholic belief that our prayers can help the souls of those who have died and are undergoing temporary purgation for their lesser sins before entering heaven.

3. A Catholic funeral service is a reminder to the living of the fact that they too must one day die, and should keep themselves prepared for that all important moment.

The Requiem Mass offered up for the dead in the liturgy of the Catholic church is of course the classic expression of this attitude. During its sober and solemn prayers, the deceased person is regarded, one might say, as a member of the family who has taken up residence in a far country, and has written back for temporary assistance, but nevertheless is assured, if he has lived well, of a lasting and happy home.

Search the inscriptions on the graves of the early Christians, and you will find not the slightest indication of black despair or final farewell, but only vivid hope. Here is one who has "gone before us into heaven," or has "returned to God from whom he came." Even the earliest name for a cemetery expresses that hope; they called it a *dormitorium* or place of sleep, and they were far from using the term, like some moderns, in the sense of a place of utter oblivion. Fresh and sharp in their minds was the promise of Christ of final resurrection.

Throughout the centuries this Christian tradition, by God's grace, has survived. It is expressed very beautifully in an old English epitaph:

Dormientem Jesu respice Surgentem recipe

O Jesus look graciously upon this sleeping
one,
Receive him in the final resurrection.

Always and everywhere in this Christian tradition you will find the cross, either imprinted on the monument or erected in wood or stone over the grave, and the cross to a Catholic is the symbol of eternal triumph over death. Always and everywhere the gentle phrase recurs: "Rest in peace," having reference not so much to the body as to the soul, since very often it is coupled with a request for prayers.

Peccator maximus, hic jaceo
Miserere!

Here lies a great sinner,
Have pity on him!

This was the epitaph chosen for himself by a medieval bishop, and another fifteenth century inscription expresses the same truth as follows:

I may not praye now; pray ye
With a Pater and Ave.

You will find this same tradition kept alive in our own country, particularly in the little national parish cemeteries tucked away in the countryside where the people are untouched by the sterile secularism of our times. Oftentimes the cemeteries will be situated beside or behind the parish church, and on the occasions of outdoor processions, such as the feast of Corpus Christi, temporary chapels or stopping points are set up among the dead in such a way as to admit them in a manner of speaking to the circle of parish prayers.

Study the epitaphs in these cemeteries, and you will find the emphasis laid always upon genuine hope and trust and faith. The death of a little

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child may seem to the world to be an unmitigated tragedy. Here is an epitaph which expresses the truly Christian attitude:

*Engel die an Gottes
Thron erkoren
Sind fuer fromme
Eltern nie verloren.*

"Angels summoned to adorn God's throne are never lost to their good parents."

And another inscription, over the grave of an adult:—

Jesus, ever loving Saviour
Thou didst live and die for me;
Living, I have tried to love Thee;
Dying, I have died for Thee.

From the French cemeteries of Louisiana, where the dead are interred in family tombs above the ground, to the German cemeteries of northern Minnesota, where winter unrolls a white coverlet over the graves, you will find the cross, the plea for prayers, the expression of hope in a happy immortality for a life well spent. This is the Catholic tradition; here alone can you find the answer to the age-old question of life and death. If you seek any other

solution, you will end with nothing to sustain you but black despair.

The Catholic answer to the question, "Should Funerals Be Abolished?" is definitely in the negative. We are all for the curbing of excesses into which many today are falling, including, we do not deny, some Catholics. To make an ornate spectacle of a funeral is a mockery of its real purpose. Funeral expenses should be confined within the bounds of good taste and the family's means. Burial grounds should be well kept, but not so elaborately enriched and adorned as to entail the spending of millions of dollars which could more profitably be disbursed in charity. There should be no exposition of death before the eyes of the merely curious; neither should there be manifested wild grief on the part of the bereaved as if they had no hope. With all these reforms proposed by the good pagan, we are heartily in accord.

But let them not ask us to give up our funerals altogether. Let them rather pray to their Deity, no matter how dim and vague He may appear to them, that He may enlighten their souls to see and accept the only possible attitude towards death which can take away both its victory and its sting.

Epitaph Department

Here lies
in a horizontal position
the outside case of
Thomas Hinde
clock and watch maker
Who departed this life, wound up in hope of
being taken in hand by his Maker, and being
thoroughly cleaned, repaired and set a-going
in the world to come.
On the 15th of August, 1836
In the 19th year of his age

—Bolsover churchyard, Derbyshire, England



Character Test (66)

L. M. Merrill

On Sarcasm

Sarcasm is one of the sharpest and most fearful instruments of the human tongue. It is used chiefly by two kinds of characters: those who are very proud and self-opinionated, and those who have a faulty sense of humor. The proud have learned how much sarcasm hurts a person who has pricked their pride, and they use it with the intention of hurting. The laugh-seeker has learned that sharp sarcasm is usually good for a laugh among bystanders whom it does not hurt, and sacrifices charity for the sake of the laugh.

There are three kinds of situations in which a truly charitable person will resist every impulse to speak sarcastically to or about others. The first is that in which it is necessary to reprimand or correct subordinates or subjects. The true purpose of every reprimand is the betterment of the offender; one of the surest ways to prevent his betterment and to make him resist correction is to speak with stinging sarcasm. Sarcastic people are never loved by their subjects, and are obeyed only through necessity.

The second situation in which sarcasm is cruel and evil is in the presence of the physical, mental or educational defects of others. To make sarcastic remarks, as is often done either in anger or for the sake of a laugh, about another's appearance, or misshapen bodies or limbs, or unconscious mistakes in language or deportment, is a most vicious form of unkindness. The same is true of any such remarks about a person's nationality, race, or family.

The third situation in which sarcasm reveals an unloveable character is in argument or discussion. Some persons cannot carry on a wholesome discussion of a disputed point without resorting to sarcasm concerning those who differ with them. This, of course, destroys the value of any discussion; it takes an argument out of the intellect and places it in the emotions where it does not belong.

There is a place in human relationships for the proper use of sarcasm. In the form of gentle satire on common human foibles and inconsistencies, it is both a delicious form of humor and a prod to the betterment of human behaviour. In the service of moral indignation over public crimes and scandals, it can have a lasting effect on human minds and hearts. But it is out of place in the face to face relationships of individual persons.

The Three Taverns

The fascinating account of a civic controversy that shook a small town community to its very roots.

E. F. Miller

THE RECENT election in Italy may have been momentous, causing tenseness at home and fear abroad. But the election in Italy was as nothing in comparison to the election held almost at the same time but over an entirely different issue in Pierz, Minnesota. Quiet has by now settled over the ordered streets and green fields that dissect and surround the town. The sun shines brightly from the heavens, and blue skies reflect a tranquility that seems never to have been absent. Farmers pursue the plowing of their furrows, and tradesmen go about their daily tasks with equanimity and detachment. But Pierz has been shaken to her very roots and shall never be the same again.

The physical properties of Pierz are not so many that they cannot be tabulated briefly. There are a water tower, a bank, a number of nice homes, a baseball field, a large church with an attendant cemetery, a couple of dozen stores and nine hundred people of whom some four hundred are voters. Besides these appointments there are three taverns. Three taverns. Before the swinging doors of these three taverns Pierz stood at the crossroads.

Until a few months ago the three taverns were conducted by three parties respectively: the first one, by the Seelen brothers who rented a building at the north end of town from the Kiewl Brewing Company of Little Falls, Minnesota, and who did a prosperous business; the second one, by Shellum and Balko who had a building in lease from one, Red Faust; and the third one, by a man named Keilen who had moved

to Pierz a year before, put his children in the parish school and then gone into the liquor business to support himself and family. His store was owned by John Bollig who also owned and ran the town's only movie theatre, *The Star*. All these men were solid citizens and worthy members of the community.

The three taverns were the focal point for all kinds of casual meetings, not only of people who lived in Pierz but also of those who came to Pierz to do their shopping and their trading. Farmers, salesmen and inhabitants of the village moistened their throats, told stories and talked politics in these places, with a bar to lean upon and a glass to give them inspiration. The traffic to and fro was steady. Beer trucks made regular deliveries and liquor agents were seldom in the area without stopping off to see to it that shelves were well-stocked with that which satisfied the thirst. The three proprietors were highly pleased with the situation. They had little idea that their tenure of the taverns was in jeopardy, that there were certain forces tapping gently but constantly at their foundations. If they had known, they would have indeed been sad.

For a long time Pierz had been aspiring to the possession of a sewer system. It is understandable how villages and even cities could be content with home disposal plants thirty or forty years ago. Only millionaires had bath tubs in the days of President McKinley and the St. Louis World Fair. But in 1948 even the smaller settlements in America were beginning to install plants modeled

after the systems in vogue in the larger cities. Pierz did not wish to be behind the others in progress and modernity. Besides, to be without a civic sewer was to be without one of the real conveniences that the genius of the United States had contrived and put into practice.

But sewers are expensive. An estimate on the type of sewer that would suit the needs of Pierz made known the astounding fact that a satisfactory system would cost at least \$100,000. In the fifteen or twenty years that would elapse before the work could be done, the price would rise to \$200,000. This was entirely beyond the capability of the people to meet. Perhaps it could have been done if another project calling for large sums of money had not already been set underway. This second project was draining off the cream from the earnings of the townsmen. It was not making them poor by any means. But it was making them hesitant in accepting the financial responsibility for a second project that would double their indebtedness.

The pastor of the parish church was building an elaborate agricultural high school to serve the purpose not only of educating the children of the community in the arts and sciences but also of assuring their remaining on the land when their school days were over. Too many boys and girls were leaving the farm in order to take jobs in the big city. A good education along both cultural and agricultural lines might prevent this. Thus, the new school. It was being built from the ground up, with everything brand new. Naturally, the cost would be large, but not so large that the people could not meet it comfortably. But the point was that the people could stand the expense either of the new high school or the new sewer.

But no matter how it was figured, they could not stand the expense of both at the same time.

The first decision that had to be made was—which project was the more deserving? Which one should be dropped in favor of the other? There were discussions at the Commercial Club meetings, at dinner tables in homes, on the drinking side of the bar in the three taverns. But the people of Pierz had a great love for children. This was evidenced in the large number of children that almost every family could claim. It would be a shame to sacrifice the minds of these children for any reason except the gravest. Yet, their minds would be sacrificed if the high school plans were dropped and the sewer plans taken up. It was agreed, with only a few dissidents, that plans for the high school should continue.

This did not mean that the sewer idea was to be entirely abandoned. It was only a question of discovering a source of revenue other than that of the purses of the people. The sewer had to go on. But how? Eyes began looking about furtively for wealth as yet undiscovered. Ears began gluing themselves to the ground for reports of trees growing gold. And then as if by some mysterious propulsion or compulsion the three taverns of the town inserted themselves into the consciousness of searchers as though they had a finger pointing at them and a voice emerging from their bottles: "Look no longer. Here is your solution." Taverns are indeed mints that manufacture money. And they are as public as the post office when one comes right down to a consideration of their place in society. Why should not the public take them over and dedicate the income of their sales to the sewer? Aside from the sewer issue, public ownership might be a good

thing. No matter how hard a good tavern keeper tries to keep his place in order, he has a job in closing the doors at the appointed time, in keeping out minors and in selling no man more liquor than he can take. Perhaps the eyes of all the village would be sufficient to prevent these abuses. Whisperings started that grew louder as they spread. Inquiries were made concerning the method that should be followed in effecting the change so that no injustice would be done to any man. Hopes were revived that the sewer would soon become reality.

If Pierz were part of a dictatorship the three taverns would have disappeared like fog before the sun; and no questions would have been asked about the whereabouts or the fate of their proprietors. But Pierz was part of a democracy which means government by law with the consent of the people governed. Only the people themselves could decide that the taverns should pass from the hands of private citizens into the hands of the community. It might be that the majority of the people preferred to get along without a municipal sewer and therefore had no need for the revenues that come from taverns. It might be that the majority of the people were opposed to the suppression of private ownership. The only way to find out the will of the people was to have a vote.

Before the vote could be taken, it was necessary, according to the law, to have a petition presented to the town council, signed by at least ten property owners, asking that the polls be thrown open for a show-down of opinion. Here was a wrinkle that gave fair promise of not being ironed out. No business man of Pierz wanted his name to appear on a paper asking for the destruction of another man's business. To continue

in business demands a steady flow of customers. But if the customers are offended by some action of the owner of the store in which they are doing their shopping, they will not return. And then the well will run dry. The fig tree will wither away and die. Certainly the signing of a petition to oust the keepers of the three taverns from their taverns would turn the keepers, their wives and children, their friends and employees from ever again setting foot over the threshold of the store of the man who was so unbusinesslike as to allow his name to be amongst the signatures on such a petition, to be seen and read by all who desired to find out who was against whom. Few store owners on main street were desirous of cutting their own throats so efficiently. There were other men in the town who did not have so much at stake, and who should be willing to put up their names for public auction.

Branching off the main street of the town like veins off an artery were sidestreets on which had settled retired farmers. Farmers are noted for their independence. They are noted for their independence even after they have retired. They will sign their name to any document that they think to be in accord with their convictions. The farmers of the sidestreets of Pierz were no exception to the rule. They wanted the sewer. If the taverns could pay for the sewers, then there was no reason in the world for the city council to refuse to take over the taverns. What was the difference, anyway, as long as the taverns continued to operate? A man could still get a drink if he felt a need for it. Thus, about ten of the farmers looked over the petition, decided that it was satisfactory, and calmly put their names to it. The roast was now in the oven, and the simmering was under way.

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The village council of Pierz was made up of five men. Lloyd Baily was mayor; R. Hartmann, Louis Gottwalt and Michel Meyer were trustees; and Linus Preimesberger was clerk. These men were all prominent men who had made their mark in enterprises of their own, and who were serving their town in the capacity of officials only out of a sense of civic duty. Once a month they met informally in order to discuss the affairs of state which were the affairs of Pierz. They met on January 12th as usual; but the meeting turned out to be quite unusual. Hardly had they taken their chairs when they were handed the petition of the farmers. This was a hot potato indeed. They realized the trouble it might stir up. Yet, it seemed only right to have a show of hands amongst the people as to their desires. Unanimously the councilmen decided to have a vote. They set the date for February 3rd. In view of the fact that the licenses of the taverns were scheduled to run out on March 1st and that the petition was timed to coincide with this event as though it were a part of it, it was suggested later on by interested parties that the whole thing was plotted and planned long in advance, and that there was something smelly about the business. No proof has been found to substantiate such innuendo. The council was given the petition and the council called a vote.

Agitation pro and con began quietly. A town meeting was held in Ted Thielen's Ford agency garage to which the voters were invited and at which it was proposed to discuss the question from all angles so that there might be no doubt as to what was in the air. The tavern keepers were the ones really behind the meeting. They called it and more or less conducted it. A good attendance was on hand. Questions were

asked and answers given. The men in favor of turning the taverns over to the municipality were allowed to have their say. Rebuttals were made. Counter rebuttals were offered in answer to the rebuttals. Sides were chosen, as it were, in the course of that meeting, and although there was no apparent rancor exhibited at any time during the evening, it was known by all that a bitter contest was now underway and that it was going to be a contest like the ancient gladiatorial games—to the death.

The tavern keepers thought that there could be no question of their losing when the vote was actually in. They were over-optimistic. They were so confident of winning that they flashed ten dollar bills under the noses of the known opposition, offering to bet all comers at that price that the final tabulation of the votes would give them victory. There were takers of the wager, for in the days that followed the town-hall meeting, the opposition began to crystallize. If the tavern keepers were so sure that they would win, they should be taught a lesson. Who was running the town, anyway—the people or the men behind the bar?

The battle grew in intensity. Names were called, doorbells were rung, posters were handed out. The pastor of the village parish refrained from saying a word from the pulpit in favor of either one side or the other, even though he was definitely interested in the affair. His authority was great because Pierz was almost entirely Catholic. What the pastor said went from lip to lip as though it were on a record. The people knew this. Yet they did not hear him say a single word from the pulpit in favor of one side or the other. And when the subject of the election was brought up in private conversation, he

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always expressed his opinion with great kindness and consideration. The pastor's assistant was for the municipality and did not hesitate to give vent to his convictions to all and sundry who were looking for an argument. And while he could not descend all the way to the level on which a few of the more zealous of the partisans carried on their argument, he admitted that he got at least as far down as the curb on a couple of occasions. There was no other topic of conversation for days on end. And as the time of the voting drew nearer, voices grew louder, tempers flared higher, and tactics waxed trickier.

Jim Wermerskirchen was the editor of the local paper, *The Pierz Journal*, which served not only Pierz, but the neighboring towns of Lastrup, Hillman, Buckman and Harding. Jim was the kind of man that did not believe in accepting back-talk. He prided himself on printing what he believed to be true whether his words hurt vested interests or not. But his integrity was sorely tried in the days that preceded the election. He was willing to give both sides all the space they paid for in his paper. First one group approached him with an advertisement that they wanted printed in favor of the private taverns. Then another group followed hot on the heels of the first presenting an advertisement the very opposite of the other. That was all right, and Jim had no qualms in serving both parties. But it was a different story when a few men came into his office one day and seized him by the throat and said that they would shake some sense into his head if he refused to give their side the same play as he was giving their opponents. They were angry because the editor had taken the precaution of checking on some of the names that he found appended to proposed advertisements.

When the men claiming these names maintained that they had never given their signatures to any such advertisement, Jim refused to print it. And so the attack on his neck. He was shaken up considerably both physically and temperamentally, and fell into such dudgeon in consequence that he sat down immediately (after catching his breath) and wrote a scalding editorial on goons in general, and then on goons in particular, which latter he could name if anyone cared to know who they were. Only his maturer judgment prevented him from spreading his outpourings all over the front page of his paper.

In the course of all the arguing that was fairly obscuring the skies with words, the original issue of the sewer versus the high school became somewhat clouded. Now it was a question of Communism against private property. The tavern keepers and their adherents said that to give the village council the authority to run private business was the same as to tell the government to take over the whole country and make everything public that once was private. That was what the Russians did with Russia. We do not want Russia over here. The opposition said, no, that was not the case. The Supreme Court declared Prohibition constitutional. If so, then it was not unconstitutional for the people to do less than the Prohibitionists did, namely, decide to place all taverns under the jurisdiction of the village. But this kind of talk was more or less eye-wash. Underlying the altruism and intricate argumentation was the fear on the part of some that they would lose their job if the taverns were outlawed, the loyalty on the part of others who had relatives and friends in the tavern business, and the desire of the civic minded to make money for civic projects in an easy and fool-proof

method. And everybody in town knew that these were the arguments that would decide the election.

At last the important day arrived. The polling place was the village hall which is a part of the building that houses the two fire trucks. Everybody who could walk and who was old enough to vote came out. And those who could not walk were brought out in chartered vehicles. The private interests were still confident that they would win. They were still offering fancy bets on victory for themselves. The voting went on all day. Finally the boxes were closed and the counting began.

Well, the municipality won. But it was close. Of the 435 people who voted, 243 were in favor of turning over the taverns to the people. For a moment there was silence after the results were announced. Then cries of dismay rent the air. Who were these Communists? These hypocrites? Let us at them. The pastor of the parish was the target for hard words and even a few idle threats, for everybody looked upon him as the power behind the throne. One of the men who was in a special way opposed to the new arrangement said sarcastically that most likely the sisters who taught in the school would be appointed the first bar keepers. Such a statement proved how convinced some of the people were that the pastor had an underground which he was directing to the destruction of private property. The exact opposite was true. Sister Hilarion, who taught one of the lower grades and who had charge of the sacristy in the church said after the election was over: "I read all the pieces in the paper on both sides. And even though I did not like some of the things that some of the people were saying, I still was not sure how I would vote when the time

came. Just before going to the polls, I knelt down and said a good strong rosary for guidance. Then I went and voted for the town council's idea." So it was with all the sisters and all the others who in any way were attached to the work of the church or the projects of the pastor. The vote was fair and nothing could be done about it. Lest someone try to do something about it, the sheriff was given a call, and for a time he let himself be seen in places where his presence might inspire most fear.

The defeated tavern keepers asked to be allowed to remain in business for a year; but this was not permitted. It would only mean a year of wrangling and playing politics in an effort to have the decision changed. And so the League of Minnesota Municipalities was called in to take inventory of the stock of the three taverns and to offer the proprietors a just price. Quietly the new order went into effect, and with hardly any outward sign of change the taverns opened for business under new management—the management of the people. Nor was there a sister behind the counter keeping bar.

More than one person amongst the vanquished said that they would never set foot in the municipal stores as long as they lived. Some of them have kept their word. But gradually more and more people are beginning to patronize that which they hated in anticipation and thought could never be a reality in a free and democratic country. It is too inconvenient, anyway, to drive all the way to the next village merely to get a glass of beer. Besides, many of the surrounding towns are taking over the taverns too. It may be only a question of time until the practice will be universal throughout the land.

Pierz is on its way now to the pur-

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chase of a new sewer. The Seelen brothers, Shellum and Balko, and Keilen have spread their talents in new directions. The people are satisfied (at least most of them) and are watching the experiment carefully. But Pierz has never had and perhaps shall never have again so stirring a time as was had during the pre and post election days of January and February, 1948. Quiet,

let it be repeated, has by now settled over the village. But when you go down the street and ask this man or that one how he voted on the issue of the taverns, he will stiffen perceptibly, look at you suspiciously, and then evade your question by means of as pretty a verbal end run as you ever saw. The people won. So be it. And nobody need ever know how anybody else voted.

Song of Liberty

A news item informs us that at the recent Democratic convention in Philadelphia one of the lady delegates was summoned before the microphone in order to greet the assembled throng. Carried away by her emotions, the good woman broke out into a song of her own composition. It was entitled: "Victory Song—Onward We Must Go," and the irregularity of meter, rhyme and melody manifested her to be a disciple of the most modern schools of thought among the versifiers.

One section of the song as reported ran as follows:

Onward, onward we must go
To protect our freedoms four:
Freedom from want and freedom of speech,
Freedom from fear,
Freedom from religion, too . . .

The columnist reporting the whole episode concluded that the last line must have been a typographical error. We prefer to take it as a delightful example of how party loyalty and the poet's frenzy can throw into reverse the mental equipment of the exceptionally gifted ladies who deliberate upon national affairs in Convention Halls.

Bad Beginning

The history of football as a sport indicates that it has had a rather rough and stormy career, indeed, some of the early variations of the game were roundly condemned.

Thus in 1349 the British form of football was objected to quite strenuously by Edward III on the grounds that it was a "rough, boisterous game, played with brutality, and often led to breaches of the peace."

Still earlier, in 1314, Edward II forbade by special decree what he termed "hustling over large balls."

In 1401 Henry IV suppressed the sport again, and Henry VIII found time in between his marital adventures to do the same.

A little later, Elizabeth forbade the game to be played under penalty of imprisonment.

Apparently all these condemnations had their effect, for in 1801 a certain Joseph Strutt was able to write:

"Football was formerly much in vogue among the common people, though of late years it has fallen into disrepute, and is little practiced."

How little did the good Mr. Strutt realize what the future would unfold.



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: I am a divorced man, my wife having left me within a year after our marriage (during the war). Now I have met a good Catholic girl, of strong faith and high principles, and I know we could be very happy together. I have been told there is no chance of our being married in the Catholic Church so long as my first wife is alive, and I do not want any other kind of marriage. My question is: may I continue to go with this girl I have now met, waiting and hoping that we shall be in a position to marry some day?

Solution: The problem of the divorced man (and woman) is very common in divorce-ridden America, and more so than ever since the war, when so many marriages were hastily made. However, the commonness of the situation does not change the moral principles involved for anyone who wants to remain a Christian and to save his soul.

I must tell you forthrightly that regular and steady company-keeping is not lawful for you. The only circumstance that makes regular company-keeping lawful is the possibility of marriage within a reasonable time. If you have a young wife living, to whom, despite divorce, you are morally bound till death separates you, you cannot, as a Christian, consider marriage, nor do the things that ordinarily eventuate in marriage. There are two cogent reasons for this. The first is that regular or long protracted company-keeping between two persons mutually attracted by each other, and with no foreseeable outcome in marriage, is almost bound to lead you into sin, i.e., either habitual sins against chastity, or the great sin of marrying outside the Catholic Church and thereby abandoning your religion and your soul. The second reason is because it is an injustice to the girl, no matter how much she may deny this out of love for you, to bind her to yourself in such a way as to destroy her opportunities for a valid marriage, and it is a sin of scandal in so far as your companionship and protestations of love may easily lead her to consent to an invalid marriage with you.

This may seem like hard doctrine, but Our Lord Himself admitted it was hard when He laid down the law against adultery, and against divorce and remarriage. You have a great decision to make: for God or against Him; with Christ or with His enemies. It may help you to know that your example, in giving up the girl and living singly and chastely, will be one of the greatest proofs of the vitality of Christianity in the world, and will be generously rewarded by God.

A Nun Looks Out

Nuns are a familiar part of the American scene. To the passing American, they look like a bundle of clothes and a face. So we asked the author of this piece to tell us what it is like to be the one inside the bundle of clothing.

Sr. Maureen Flynn, O. P.

CLOTHES do make a difference. I know, I'm a nun. Once a small boy asked seriously of a Sister, "Ain't you got nothing but a face?" Street corner or no street corner she thought it her duty to demonstrate then and there in a modified Looby Loo that she did have a right hand, a left hand, a right foot and a left foot. The boy was happy and reassured. The Sisters were happy, too—and almost hysterical.

Outside a convent a nun is one in thousands. She can smooth down her pleats, adjust her veil and go calmly on her way, but all the while she knows she looks unlike everybody else in her immediate world. In the convent it is different. There she looks just about like every other Sister in her community. She lives and moves and has her being among dozens who dress exactly like herself. Nuns wear a habit. The material, the color, the pattern are all the same. Even beads clink almost the same tune. (I will concede, however, that this last is debatable. Some tunes may be *staccato*, some *legato* and some just plain jingle.)

One of the very first problems of my new novice days was clothes. I stumbled up steps, awkwardly catching up skirts in the back, and (alas) swept the steps going down. After years of experience one learns: either up two inches directly in front, or up and a swish to the side in back—so there is no problem. No problem except, for instance, when a religious is travelling

to summer-school. She is carrying a typewriter in one hand and a heavy suitcase in the other—say in a crowded metropolitan railway station—and sees before her ninety-nine wet, black, muddy steps to negotiate. At such a moment one who has no typewriter, or suitcase, or long white habit and black mantle to maneuver, might offer his services—just for the steps—and thereby push forward his process for canonization.

On trains it amounts to a major operation requiring physical, mental and moral stamina for a nun to get her suitcase in the rack provided for it high above her head. A man swings his luggage up with one try and tosses his hat on top, for good measure. A woman climbs up on the seat, if necessary, to shove hers in place. A nun thinks of her habit, feels the weight of the suitcase, looks at the rack and begins to pray that some knight will appear to say "Please, may I . . ." Incidentally, she isn't surprised when her prayers are answered right away. These little miracles happen all the time. She murmurs a thank you (which often gets muffled up in her veil) and fingers her rosary for a grateful Hail Mary. Then, hoping she has not inconvenienced anyone too much, she settles herself to be as inconspicuous as a goldfish in a glass bowl.

Everybody talks about the weather; nuns listen—and do nothing about it. Just the same, they, too, are hot or cold according to season and circumstance. And for a nun to be caught in

the rain is no laughing matter. Lots of starch and yards of serge don't take kindly to weather. Nuns may be patiently silent in the rain, but they are silently miserable; they don't wear transparent slickers and there is so much of them to get wet. Some people seem to know about this as they smile nuns into their precious taxis and say they don't mind standing a while longer in a downpour.

Young and old are intrigued by our clothes. Adults gaze solemnly and with interest. Sometimes they speak to one another about a Sister as though she were deaf. After all, inside all those clothes how *could* she hear: so . . . ! She is neither surprised nor annoyed at this, nor does she mind if someone asks about her habit. Indeed, sometimes she is flattered and pleased. (The reason for this comes later.) And children make no secret of their thoughts. Their questions and remarks are to-the-point and usually ring out loud and clear, causing more embarrassment to their parents than to the Sisters. You probably don't know how it feels to be pointed at and publicly to be called a real live penguin. Or a witch! Or a black Red Riding Hood! Nor are you likely to be asked point blank if you belong to a circus—or if you are dressed-up for Hallowe'en. A child's curiosity doesn't bother anybody; but Sisters are sorry if there is also fear.

Public officials everywhere and many other men and women of all classes and creeds respect the religious habit, so Sisters meet with almost universal courtesy and kindness. Sometimes a nun may seem to be unmindful of this charity, but when you stop to think of it, what more can she do than quietly nod or smile her gratitude? In a convent, where she spends practically all her time, it is second nature for Sisters

to observe little courtesy-customs like opening and closing a door, waiting at steps for another to come up or down, and offering assistance in a thousand little ways. It is enough to look one's thanks there, and so, in public, Sisters respond to courtesy in the same general way. On a crowded playground a Sister doesn't mind the ear-splitting screams of hundreds of children who run about wildly all over the place; she is happily in her element and perfectly safe. But an hour or two later that same calm soul may be all a-dither when she has to cross Downtown's Main Street even if the green light does shine. She may not say it loud enough to be heard, but she is grateful to the traffic cop who respectfully touches his cap and personally escorts her across the street. She is grateful also to a lady who gives up her place on a bus, and to a gentleman who removes his hat when she enters an elevator. A nun knows that these kind gestures are not directed to her personally, but that they are manifestations of respect for religion in general, represented at the moment by the religious habit. Nuns feel grateful, but mostly humble. They can reciprocate only by prayer, which they do say (in justice) whether anyone knows it or not.

It's all right to wonder at the style of a religious garb, or even to speculate on how one gets in and out of it. But don't waste any sympathy. What seems to the uninitiated so complicated is really quite simple. A coif is a cap; a guimpe is a collar; a mantle is a cloak. It's as simple as calculus and carburetors. The person inside the queer-looking clothes feels quite comfortable and she is as used to them as you are to your oldest shoes.

She doesn't wonder at all about the style; in fact, she likes it exactly that way. She knows the history and the

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significance of every part of her habit—the why of tuck and twill. (If you are interested, a casual glance through a history of costume design will show that the nun of today wears clothes much like the modestly dressed lady of one, five or nine hundred years ago—when ever her particular Order was founded.) Furthermore, a nun can tell you the

lives of the great Saints who wore the same habit in far-off times, and of the saints who wear it now.

A nun loves her habit as a life-long friend and respects it as a sacramental. To wear it is, for her, a privilege.

It's good to be inside a religious habit.

Lee Lost

Perhaps never before or since has an editor risen to such heights as did a Civil War editor writing in the *Crescent Monthly* at the time of Lee's surrender to Grant:

The supreme hour has now come when, from across Fame's burning ecliptic, where it had traced in flaming sheen its luminous path of glory, the proud Aldeberon of Southern hope, in all the splendor of its express Hyades brightness, should sink to rest behind lurid war-clouds, in the fateful western heaven, there to bring out on death's dark canopy the immortal lights of immortal deeds, and spirits great and glorious shining forever down upon a cause in darkness, like the glittering hosts upon a world in night."

Twain in the Bible

The story is told of Mark Twain that his friend and neighbor, Charles Dudley Warner, approached him one day and asked him to go walking. The author, who was by preference quite sedentary in his habits, at first refused, but Dudley insisted, saying:

"You really ought to go with me. It's according to Scripture."

"How so?" said Twain. "Give me your text."

"The fifth chapter of Matthew, verse the forty-first," returned the other. "The text reads thus: 'And whoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him, twain.'"

That time Twain went.

Medico Mysteries

We like the ring of the following definitions, taken from an old medical hand-book:

A certain form of insanity: "The prodromic delirium is a quasi-paranoiac psychosis in a degenerate subject. A psychosis of exhaustion being practically a condition of syncope."

Erysipelas: "The streptococcus erysipalatosus proliferating in the interspaces of the connective tissue is the etiologic factor in the secretion of the erysipalatosus toxins."

Cancer of the liver: "Carcinomatous degeneration of the hepatic mechanism."

Disinfecting a surgical instrument: "Submerging the armamentarium in water elevated to the temperature of ebullition."

Hip-joint: "Coxo-femoral articulation."

Readers Retort

(Readers are invited to express disagreement with any opinions or convictions expressed in *The Liguorian*. We like especially to receive such disagreement when it is supported by evidence or authority. The editors reserve the right to condense long letters.)

Fredericktown, Mo.

"I do not intend to renew my subscription to *The Liguorian* because your labor policy has disgusted me. I believe in a living wage for all labor, not just for organized labor. It has reached a point now that any further gain for organized labor is a loss for the rest of us. Every time that organized labor gets an increase in wages the price of the finished product soon goes up and although that may not hurt those who got the increase in wages it hurts the widows and old people who have been living on a fixed income and also all other common people who did not get a raise. You may say that capital is able to increase wages without raising prices but it does not work out that way. . . . I wonder if you read about the recent decision of the Metropolitan Opera Co. to close up shop rather than to meet union demands and operate at a deficit. Very frequently during the past few years I have read of murder and other violence being done by union men if they could not get what they wanted by peaceful and lawful means. I have also read of much Communist activity within the unions. I could send you newspaper clippings to prove these points but I have said enough. . . .

G. A. S.

*We are sorry to lose a reader. However it is quite obvious that this reader has not read *The Liguorian* very thoroughly, while he has kept up on the daily newspapers, not the best sources from which to draw an economic policy. All his complaints, e.g., about prices, unorganized working people, murder and violence in unions, Communist infiltration and activity, have*

*been repeatedly scored by *The Liguorian*, even while it has been arguing for the papal program of cooperation between capital and all labor and living wages for all. It is saddening to see those who find themselves economically pinched accepting the N. A. M. line of laying all the blame on organized labor, and of attributing to all labor the sins of a comparatively few union men. How our disgusted reader hopes to attain a living wage for all labor, after organized labor has been disbanded, is a mystery. He is unaware of the problem involved.*

The Editor

Rochester, N. Y.

The size of *The Liguorian* as it is now published by you is from one-half to one inch larger than the pocket sized books and pamphlets. . . . This makes it difficult for those of us who wish to carry it about with us, as it is too large for pockets and other carrying conveniences. This is merely a suggestion, and as it is impossible to please everyone, those of us who wish to have a small sized magazine can do our own reducing.

E. J.

This point has been discussed often among the editors, and as often vetoed because we dislike giving the impression of being a "digest." Not that we have anything serious against digests; we just think that there are plenty of them on the market, and prefer the appearance of our magazine to give the impression of being for "lovers of good reading".

The Editor

The Monk Who Answered Darwin

Darwin's theory of natural selection, as a basis of his teaching of evolution, had pretty much its own way until a science-loving monk, working in a garden, proved it to be false.

H. J. O'Connell

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, from 1853 to 1868, a black-robed Augustinian monk could be seen daily in his monastery garden, tending row upon row of plants with exquisite care. Had a visitor asked him what he was doing, he would have received the surprising answer: "I am cross-breeding the tall plants with the short ones to find out how many of their children and grandchildren will be tall and short." No doubt, the stranger might have shrugged his shoulders, and, thought to himself: "What a waste of time! Either this monk hasn't much to do, or else he is a little queer in the head."

Nevertheless, the patient labor of this obscure monk in his garden at Brunn, in Austria, was destined to open a new chapter in science, and to make his name known throughout the world.

Gregor Johann Mendel, after whom the "Mendelian Laws" are named, was born in Austrian Silesia, July 22, 1822. His father was a peasant-farmer, comfortable enough in his small possessions, but by no means wealthy. When the boy, Johann (he took the name Gregor at his entrance into religion), showed an aptitude for study, the family was hard put to meet the expenses of his education. However, all the members scrimped and saved, a younger sister even sacrificing part of her dowry, so

that Johann could go to school. Here he not only acquired a taste for the natural sciences, but discovered in himself a vocation for the monastic life. In 1843, he became a novice in the "Koenigskloster" at Brunn.

After his ordination, he was assigned to teaching, at which he was so successful that his superiors sent him for post-graduate work in the natural sciences at the University of Vienna. On his return, he reassumed his post as teacher, and continued in that position until his election in 1868 to the high dignity of abbot of the monastery.

The experiments which made him famous were carried on chiefly during his years of teaching. At that time Darwin's theory of natural selection was occupying the attention of the scientific world. The central idea of this theory is that all the forms of living things are derived from a few primitive types, having developed from them by the hereditary transmission of slow and gradual changes, which rendered some forms better adapted to survive.

As so often happens when an attractive theory is presented, quite a number of scientists accepted the new doctrine, and gave it enthusiastic support, without checking by careful observations the data on which it was based. Mendel, however, in his methodic German way,

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decided to do some experimenting of his own to discover whether Darwin's theory actually conformed to the facts.

A number of biologists had already been working on the cross-breeding of plants in order to find out whether there were any laws governing the appearance of new forms. However, no very definite results had been obtained because no one had quite figured out the direction in which these experiments should proceed. Mendel's genius consisted in seeing clearly the problem before him; in simplifying the procedure by concentrating on essentials, and excluding confusing considerations; and in patient, persevering labor, under the most rigid controls, until he arrived at his conclusions.

As the subject of his researches, he chose the common garden pea, which, because of its manner of propagation, was especially suited to his purpose. He narrowed the field of investigation by selecting for study certain opposing pairs of easily recognized characteristics. Some plants, for example, were tall, others were short; some had round, others wrinkled, seeds; some produced green pods, others yellow; some had colored flowers, others white.

Taking one pair of these characteristics at a time, he observed what happened when the opposing types were crossed with each other. The results proved very interesting and important from the standpoint of the science of heredity. For example, he found that, if tall plants were crossed with short ones, all the plants born of this union would be tall. The shortness had apparently disappeared completely. To the quality which seemed to wipe out the other, he gave the name *dominant*; the other he called *recessive*.

Further investigation showed that the recessive characteristic was not really

eliminated, but was merely in hiding. For, when the hybrid plants were self-pollinated, the offspring would be both tall and short, in the *fairly exact mathematical proportion of three tall to one short!* The dwarf plant would thenceforth produce only dwarfs; it was a *pure recessive*. One of the tall plants would produce only tall offspring; it was a *pure dominant*. But two of the tall plants would breed both tall and dwarfs; again in the proportion of three to one. Hence, out of one hundred plants, seventy-five would always be tall, and twenty-five short.

There were no transitional forms, that is, none of the plants were ever middle-sized, as one would expect if Darwin's theory were true. The germ cells retained their purity, thus giving evidence of the permanence of natural species. Because of these studies, and as a result of other investigations, the theory of natural selection has been almost completely abandoned in modern times.

Mendel perceived that if his results could be verified, it would be possible to formulate laws for genetics, which could be substituted for the hit-and-miss procedures until then in use. With incredible labor, he continued his research until he considered his findings to be proved beyond doubt. His task involved the growing of 10,000 plants, cross-fertilization, which had to be done by hand with extreme care, the constant care of the successive generations of plants, and the counting and recording of the results, involving the seven different characteristics he had chosen for study. If genius, as has been declared, means "the capacity for infinite painstaking", Mendel must be accounted a genius of the first order.

After years of effort, he presented his findings in two papers read to the Brunn Historical Society in 1866 and

Four Million Golfers

From a slow starting, rich man's game, golf has zoomed into a place of honor and preference among rank and file Americans. Here's how it got that way.

J. Van Houmissen

SPORTS thrive on dramatic moments. Baseball's slashing line drives; football's diving tackles; boxing's knockout punches; an unknown dethroning a long standing champion—these are the thrills that twirl American turnstiles to the tune of 2 billion dollars a year.

Yet the greatest event is that in which the fans themselves take over the field. Like the colorful parade of 4 million Americans that makes its way every Saturday and Sunday to the golf courses in Detroit, New York, Pamona, Tuscaloosa and 5,000 other cities from Long Island to L. A.

Undoubtedly golf today ranks first among the nation's most popular sports. But the most remarkable thing about this giant business of golf is that almost anyone can afford it, and play it.

The once popular misconception with non-golfing Americans that golf is an idle recreation for tired business men who drive 12-cylinder Cadillacs and Buick convertibles, belongs to the era of golf bloomers and crumpets. Today elementary mathematics clearly show that golf is cheaper than tennis, fishing and bowling. To bowl 3 hours every Saturday and Sunday a year would cost over \$150; tennis would cost \$100 a year; fishing, \$100; while golf can be played for only \$90 a year. An estimated \$60 will buy a complete golf outfit: wood, irons, bag and a dozen balls. That, and dogged perseverance are all the equipment necessary for a fling at golf.

Following the rise in living costs most

sports have increased prices, notably baseball and boxing. But golf courses have the same rates today as in 1930. At a public course, for the price of a second rate movie (75c), you can play 18 holes, or three hours of golf.

Private membership in a country club ranges from \$500 to \$1,000 a year. This membership is equivalent to owning a lakeside resort, or a bungalow in Miami. It affords the whole family—parents and children alike—full use of the course at any time. Other advantages of such membership are an individual locker, shower facilities, insurance, tutorage from a professional golfer, admittance to club dances and socials, access to the grill, cocktail lounge and club room. Lately many clubs have introduced swimming pools, badminton courts, tennis, softball facilities and a skeet range.

Even to the non-golfer the fact that golf draws its clientele more than any other adult sport from every class and walk of life is nothing short of amazing.

Golf's immortal Bobby Jones first knew golf as a skinny, freckled kid weighed down with another man's bag of clubs at 15 cents a day. Seven of today's ten top professionals first handled their tools by packing them for someone else.

President Truman once a week steals out of the back door of the Whitehouse for a relaxing game of golf. John D. Rockefeller Sr., fabulous moneyman, played golf from a wheelchair when he was 80 years old. World champion Joe Louis played 18 holes a day in training

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for his first fight with Jersey Joe Walcott. Al Smith, considering 75 a respectable score, always quit when he reached it, no matter what hole he was on. Bing Crosby is often out between 6 and 7 in the morning to play a round with his caddie before going to the studios.

Ellsworth Vines, probably the greatest tennis player America has produced, once said that golf's mounting popularity is due greatly to the fact that 90% of the game depends not on muscle and physique but on the million little nerves of the body, and the unpredictable moods of the mind. The maddening difficulty of keeping nerves cool, body loose and relaxed, mind concentrated, is the secret of golf's mass hypnosis. In tennis, he says, shots happen so quickly there is no time to tighten up or to think. Most shots result from unconscious nerve patterns. The ball is whizzing back before one has time to think.

Golf's king, icy Ben Hogan, the hardest working and coolest player in the game, leaves behind a telltale trail of half smoked cigarettes that speak so eloquently of the mental fireworks taking place in his head. Part of the Hogan legend is the sight of the gallery watching his face instead of his low 250 yard drives. Just before the backswing Mr. Golf's face moulds like a steel mask and the fans know that Hogan the man is giving way to Hogan the machine. Experts say this is why the little 135-pounder can come off as top money winner in a field of slamming giants who break under the tremendous nervous strain of tournament play.

Contract bridge's expert, Ely Culbertson, paid \$300 once to learn this fundamental lesson in golf. He championed the supremacy of mind over mashie. Golf wasn't as difficult as sports writers

and professional golfers would have us think. A man by sheer concentration could break 90 his first time around—at least so thought Mr. Culbertson. Mr. Aylesworth, president of N.B.C., said it could not be done. Mr. Culbertson said it could, and to prove it he would bet \$300 he could do it. Mr. Aylesworth said alright; they would go over to the Oakland Country Club, Long Island, New York, and see.

For two long, painful hours that afternoon Mr. Culbertson tried hard to control both his mind and mashie. On the 18th tee he had 114 strokes, jagged nerves, a shattered temper and a debt of \$300. From that day on he stuck to bridge.

Already under the guise of mental cruelty, golf is resorted to in divorce courts as legitimate grounds for breaking the sacred bonds. One young wife tearfully pleaded for a divorce on the grounds that her husband deserted her in favor of golf. Every Sunday, she dramatically told the court, she toiled over her pressure cooker preparing a meal for her husband. What thanks did she get? Five Sundays in succession she ate without her man—just she and the shrivelled, burnt roast that had waited in the oven too long. (The court granted her divorce!)

Another story is told of how golf is enforcing West Coast traffic laws. A well-known golfer was arrested one morning for speeding through two red lights at 65 miles an hour. Brought before the judge, he was sentenced to stay off the golf courses for two months or pay \$100 fine.

Whenever women gather today the subjects of the New Look and golf always pop up. And golf to women today means Mrs. Mildred Didrikson Zaharias and little Louise Suggs.

Not long ago Mrs. Zaharias was only

locally known as an athlete. One day she traded in a new dress for a set of golf clubs, and got a ticket to fame. Today she stands alone as the greatest woman golfer in the world. In fact some men even are beginning to fear the whippy driver of the golf queen. Maybe that's why a certain board of directors in New York announced that this year's tournament would be for men only. The last three years list a certain Mrs. Zaharias as winner!

Louise Suggs, the 112-pound feminine replica of Ben Hogan, might be an unknown spectator in the bleachers watching a southern league baseball game if her father hadn't changed from pitching baseball to managing golf. Now America remembers the tiny golfer as part of the popular Crosby and Hope team that entertained G.I.'s during the war. Today Louise Suggs is second only to Mrs. Zaharias. She has won about every woman's tournament in the field and has sturdy prospects of going quite a bit further.

For the last 15 years golf historians have dug deep into past records to discover when golf began. Piecing legend and fact together, it seems that the game began in Holland, although it is usually associated with Scotland.

Sometime at the end of the 13th century, four jovial Dutchmen went to the outskirts of their village to a frozen pond. They cut some holes in the ice and then broke off a hardwood kolf (stick) with a crook at the end and used it to hit a small pellet into the holes in the ice. Destiny arranged, so the legend goes, that a wily Scot passed by as the Dutchmen were playing their game. The Scot was fascinated by the sport.

When the game ended he called the Dutch over and questioned them about it. He asked about the rules, the length

of the kolf, asked for a sample pellet and the name of the game. Then he rushed back to Scotland and told the king he had discovered a new sport. The king, a lover of games, gave him a royal commission to lay out a course on the palace grounds. Thus the game was started in Scotland with the official title "the royal game of golf."

By 1451 golf was so popular in Scotland that King James IV was urged by his ministers to issue a proclamation forbidding football and golf because "they were interfering with the common safety of the land. Men played golf instead of learning the necessary pursuits of archery and shooting." This proclamation became a national joke in time—the king himself wasn't able to resist playing.

When golf's popularity threatened sacred worship in 1527 the bishops issued another proclamation forbidding anyone to play golf who had not first gone to church. In 1618 golf reached international stature when James I of England put a heavy tax on the importation of golf balls from Holland. "It grieved his majesty to see so much English currency being sent to the continent."

From reading the historical documents of the 17th century one would almost think that the royalty of that time spent more time on golf courses than on governing their nation. Charles I in 1641 had to interrupt his golf game to put down the Irish rebellion. A messenger came with the news and the king in rage threw down his club and stomped off the course. As soon as he had dealt with the Irish he hurried back to the course to resume his game. Mary Queen of Scots shocked the populace when she appeared on the course a few days after the death of her father, James V. Before she was beheaded she had organized

her retinue into teams and taught her son James I how to play.

Over a century and a half ago golf made its first American bid for recognition—and lost. That was in 1795. Ever since then the gentleman's game has climbed up and down the ladder of popularity until today it has attained its breath-taking honor of ranking among America's four most popular sports.

But golf had to run the gamut of acceptance and rejection before it finally won the American public.

On November 14, 1888, Robert Lackhart, a Scot who learned his golf at Mussleburgh, one of Scotland's golfing landmarks, brought two sets of clubs and some balls to America. He managed to interest a Yonkers, New York, man named John Reid in the game. Together they organized the St. Andrews club. This first course was in an old pasture. A few years later they moved and expanded facilities. In 1894 the present governing body of golf, the U. S. G. A. (United States Golf Association), was founded at the old St. Andrews. Now St. Andrews is an 18-hole course at Mount Hope, New York, not far from its original location.

Those were lean days for golf. To city dwellers up to a half-century ago golf courses were as popular as muddy cow pastures. Golfers were as welcome on the streets then as Molotov is today. In one breath Satan, gambling and golf were cursed at bible meetings and from the pulpits and rostrums of Puritan women's leagues. The common man treated golfers with cool indifference or branded them foppish and effeminate.

Then the First World War came along and shuffled the provincial standards of America. When the war ended a strange set of circumstances began introducing golf to the public. The rising post-war psychologists saw possibil-

ities in golf. Searching in vain for popular therapy against the frustration of the times they snatched up golf. The public straightaway was told that America was turning to golf as a harmless sublimation of the terrible instinct to beat up things.

The cartoonists jumped on the bandwagon to flood the nation with caricatures of "Mr. Golf"—a huge, infuriated brute viciously swinging at an ornery little golf ball. The nation seemed to enjoy the joke, but behind the laughter more and more people became interested in the game and sought relief by seriously mimicking Mr. Golf.

In the uncertain twenties golf's popularity rose rapidly. Clubs began to emerge from the backwoods and creep citywards. Churches reserved rear pews for golf parishioners, and preachers switched from condemning the game to decrying the player who left early.

By 1927 one million Americans were playing golf. Chicago boasted of 25 public courses. Then women appeared on the links and gave golf respectability.

Today, golf's 4 million range from knock-the-cover-off-the-ball fanatics to untiring perfectionists, like Ben Hogan, who study winds, height of grass, weight of balls and the roll of hills. And because of golf's popularity with the upper '400' it has even become a social necessity.

To be in vogue, aspiring doctors, lawyers and insurance men invest in slacks, sport shirts, and a \$175 set of Bobby Jones Specials and frequently in conversation they make references to "the Club". For others, membership in a swank country club is a must for appearance in *Who's Who* or the *Social Register*. But this patronage of golf's carriage trade has had little to do with selling it to the majority of sports-loving Americans.

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As one professional put it, golf was bound to become popular because it includes the good points of so many other forms of recreation. In nine holes of golf you set down and pick up your bag of clubs at least 80 times. You walk up and down hills for a mile and a half. You combine the rhythm and grace of dancing in every shot, and taste the mental competition of chess and cards. Many doctors endorse golf as healthy for the sedentary office workers of our large cities.

America, it seems, has a remarkable talent for turning whatever it touches into gold. This is doubly true of golf. Golf today affords recreation for millions and livelihood for hundreds of thousands. It has taken on the proportions of a popular billion-dollar business.

Managing the 5,000 U. S. golf courses, comprising 400,000 golf acres—an area as large as the Scandinavian peninsula—requires a staff and treasury comparable to that of a small empire.

It is estimated that there are 600,000 caddies in the U. S., drawing a combined pay check of a million dollars a week. Besides these bag carriers, another 25,000 waitresses, greens keepers, club professionals, caddie house managers and other personnel, cost an additional \$300,000 a week.

Last year Americans spent \$25,000,000 alone in travelling to and from the golf courses. Since 1921 over \$1,000,000 has been invested in lawn research at the experimental grass farm maintained cooperatively by the U. S. G. A. and the Government at Washington, D. C. In 1947 alone, 34,580,000 golf balls changed hands between manufacturers and players. These balls averaged 75 cents apiece.

Golf, professionals tell us, is like

gambling. It is good business if you can manage to win. During 1947 Ben Hogan made \$40,000 in tournaments. Some expect him to reach \$75,000 this year. Walter Hagen made a million dollars playing golf—as much as Babe Ruth in baseball. So far in 1948 Chicago's dapper Lloyd Mangrum is top money man, earning \$3.95 every time he hits a golf ball in tournament play.

Yet the experts who earn big money on the golf links are comparatively few. Golf is becoming more and more the average Toms', Johns' and Henrys' game for recreation. And probably the most convincing proof of this is the many wounded G.I.'s who have come back home to learn the game all over again.

One ex-bomber pilot lost his leg at the knee, yet with the aid of a crutch he is able to turn in an enviable 83 score. In Buffalo an armless player shot 18 holes in an unbelievable 98. Chicago boasts of a blind player who breaks 100 and the Northwest's famous Welches course has a one-armed golfer who shoots in the 80's.

What golf holds in the future nobody knows. Some judge future nirvanas in terms of golf acres and Spaulding dots. Others predict 8 million golfers by 1960. Some say the incorporation of golf into high school and college curriculums is the only safeguard against the mental inferiority developing in today's youth. Some even foresee future presidential campaigns won or lost on "a golf course in every backyard" slogans.

But one thing is certain. As long as America loves a fight, and men love to show superiority and America is not bombed full of craters or swept with a drought or a depression, then golf will remain the country's most-popular adult sport.

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (21)

E. A. Mangan

Josue and the Sun

Question: What does the Bible mean when it says in the Book of Josue, chapter 10, verse 13, "The sun and the moon stood still, till the people revenged themselves of their enemies?" Does not this prove that the Bible can be wrong, because we know that the earth moves around the sun and not the sun around the earth.

Answer: The historical setting of the text quoted above is as follows: Several of the clans of Palestine had banded together to capture Gabaon from the pagans. Josue marched his army all night and set upon the besiegers of Gabaon the next day. The battle raged throughout the day, and Josue, knowing that God wanted him to destroy the pagan armies, in prayer asked Him to prolong the daylight until he had accomplished that task.

The text of Josue's prayer and God's answer in the form of a miracle reads as follows (Josue, 10:12-14): "Josue spoke to the Lord, in the day that he delivered the Amorrite in the sight of the children of Israel, and he said before them: 'Move not, o sun, toward Gabaon, nor thou, o moon, towards the valley of Azalon.' And the sun and the moon stood still till the people revenged themselves of their enemies. . . . So the sun stood still in the midst of the heaven, and hasted not to go down the space of one day." Then the comment of the author of the book comes in verse 14: "There was not before nor after so long a day, the Lord obeying the voice of a man, and fighting for Israel," which verse, in all probability would be more correctly translated as follows: "And never before nor afterwards has there been a day like this when the Lord hearkened to the voice of a man; and the Lord fought for Israel."

The text is clear as to what happened: daylight was protracted long after the usual time. Josue saw that darkness would interrupt his task and prayed for more time, and God answered his prayer with a miracle. There was no darkness that night, but it remained light and the sun seemed to be shining all during the night so that there seemed to be a day twice as long as usual.

The author makes no scientific error because he is not speaking scientifically but popularly, just as we do today when we speak and write of the sunrise and sunset. No one accuses us of error for the simple reason that such statements agree, and are meant to agree, with appearances and not with scientific standards of objective truth.

What really happened? We do not know for certain, but probably the sun's rays were refracted by God so that, as the earth continued to turn, they struck the particular part of the earth where Josue was, at the same angle for an exceptionally long time.

Glimpses of Guam

The name of Guam became familiar during the last war. Here a visitor describes some of the traditions and charms of the little Pacific island.

E. J. Kane

BY THE STANDARDS of an American newspaper writer who can produce the "inside" story of Europe, Asia and South America after a few months in each place, this short essay might justly be called "Inside Guam". Glimpses of Guam is all it pretends to be.

It has been well said that the really self-controlled man is he who can eat one salted peanut without reaching for more. An even greater man, though, would be he who could make a brief visit to Guam without being tempted to stay on and on. How great a trial then for an ordinary man to have the pleasure of a short visit without the opportunity of giving in to the inevitable temptation. The tidbits of fable and history that give promise of hours of satisfying study, the quick looks at linger-luring scenery, the refreshing simplicity of the people contrasted with the non-enticing life of the American military establishments: these are the glimpses of Guam that make a short visit such "sweet sorrow."

One hears, for instance, a new opinion, somewhat laughingly stated, in the age old argument about the nationality of Saint Patrick. The French, the Irish or Germans may claim him, but the Guamanians offer as their evidence of ownership an island free of snakes. What part the Shamrock Saint had in producing that effect is a question. Another equally intriguing question lies in the fact that banshees and the "little people" are as familiar inhabitants of the Chamorro imagination as of the Irish. Who

borrowed from whom and how?

The prehistoric inhabitants of Guam were, it seems, giant people, far different from their small descendants. One of the traditional stories of the island is this: In a mad race to escape paternal punishment, an ancient Chamorro boy found himself cornered at the tip of the island. Without pausing longer than necessary to crouch for the spring, he jumped for the nearest island and made it without even wetting his feet. Rota, the nearest island, is forty-nine miles away.

While traveling south on Marine Drive, the visitor sees a giant dromedary cooling himself in the waters inside the reef. This life-like rock formation has a story in Chamorro fable. There were in ancient days only two places where the reef surrounding the island was broken, giving access to the open sea. The people on the eastern side determined to drive their rivals out of business by plugging up their channel. Two boys were commissioned to do the deed. By night, they took a huge rock and, struggling manfully, they got it over the mountains. They were in the water on the way to the channel when the sun rose behind them and revealed their fell purpose. There was nothing to do but leave their burden and escape. They succeeded, but the camel stands as a memorial to the ancient method of blockade.

The Chamorros no longer roll rocks over mountains. They have settled for that less strenuous game of propelling

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hard, round, colored balls over a smooth, green surface with a leather tipped stick. Pool is almost the national game of Guam.

Though only a speck in the middle of the Pacific, Guam has had its historic and sometimes humorous moments in the great wars between nations far away. During the Spanish-American war, the United States sent the ship "Charleston" to capture Guam from the Spanish. The ship came into Apra Harbor and opened fire on the fort. There was no answering barrage. Instead, a small boat came out to the "Charleston". The Spanish officers came aboard and apologized for not being able to return the American "salute". Could the Americans sell them some gunpowder? If so, they would gladly return the honor. The Americans excused themselves and explained the situation to the uninformed Spanish.

There is also a story to the effect that the first shot of World War I was fired in Apra Harbor. A German and an American ship were in port at the same time. When the news of the war came, the officers of the German ship were ashore. An American officer was sent to capture them. He was a little too late, for the Germans were already on their way. The American officer gave chase in his small boat and fired a pistol shot to stop them. He missed, and the first shot of the war was wasted.

World War II saw more action on Guam. It was taken by the Japanese over the opposition of a few Chamorros with three machine guns. It was retaken by the Americans in July, 1944. A small sign points out the first Marine command post set up during the invasion. A shell on a concrete base is the monument to the recapture. Further inland, another command post marker is almost hidden by tropical growth. The glories of war pass quickly on Guam,

the memories of sorrow linger on. Driving down Guam's one main highway, a Chamorro can point out a deserted, overgrown area and say with a sigh: "This was my village." Only a cemetery gives evidence of former inhabitants. A sign points the way to a "Father Duenas Memorial School". Father Duenas, one of two Chamorro priests, was beheaded by the Japanese shortly before the American invasion.

Father Duenas was not the first priest to die a violent death on Guam. Father Diego Luis Sanvitores, a Jesuit, had the honor of becoming Guam's first missionary, and also Guam's first martyr. He was killed by a native for baptizing a baby. Although they have their ancestor to thank for their first martyr the present Guamanians are not proud of their ancestor, nor do they follow his example. Their respect for priests is exemplary and a smile or a frown from their pastor makes the day bright or cloudy for them. On fiesta days, if the priest does not come to the great dinner, the whole affair is a dismal failure. The Chamorros' fiestas all center around a religious feast.

Twenty of the twenty-one pre-war churches on the island were destroyed. Now they are working to replace their losses with at least a temporary structure. As each church is finished, it is "baptized", as they say. At each "baptism" sponsors are chosen to "hold" the new-born church during the ceremony. This they do by holding colored streamers fastened to the outside of the building. To be sponsor for the church is an honor all vie for.

A story is told that demonstrates how much the Chamorros love their churches. It seems that a Protestant missionary group decided to establish itself on Guam a century or so after it had received the faith. They made little head-

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way in converting the people. As a last resort, it was decided to give fifty dollars cash to everyone submitting to their baptism. At the same time, a new church was being put up by the Catholics. Funds being short, as usual, some of the Chamorros, in their simplicity, hit upon a practical solution. Soon the pastor began finding fifty dollar donations in the collection with astounding regularity. Such wealth from his poor parishioners aroused his suspicions. He investigated, and soon the boom in Protestant baptisms fell off to nothing.

Under the guidance of Capuchin Fathers, the Chamorros are establishing far more than buildings for their church. They are putting up an even more important structure: the native personnel to staff their church. If vocations continue at the present rate, Guam will need no missionaries from foreign lands, but will be able to send missionaries to other islands. There is only one Chamorro priest at present, but in a few years, there will be more, both in the diocesan clergy and among the Capuchins. The new seminary will be filled to capacity almost from the beginning. The Sisters of Mercy have so many applicants that they do not have enough space to take them all. When the harvest of vocations comes to maturity, Catholic schools and hospitals can be started. Besides having future priests studying in the United States, a number of Chamorros are learning medicine and law to help their country.

The administration of the island by the United States has helped it a great deal. The presence of Americans has not been an unmitigated benefit, however. An experimental farm has been started, but now a great part of the better farming lands have been converted into airfields, of which the island has half a dozen larger than most air-

ports in the United States. A public school system has been started, but here the benefit has the disadvantage of imparting a non-religious education such as has harmed the United States so deeply. Only English is taught in the schools and the use of their native tongue is forbidden the children during school hours or on school grounds. A fine system of roads has been put in, many cars and other conveniences have been imported. The expensive tastes acquired by the Chamorros during this period when the island is overrun with military bases will bring dissatisfaction later on when the number of these establishments is reduced to normal. Even now, the once flourishing copra business that furnished some of the best cocoanut in the Pacific, has dwindled dangerously. Bishop Baumgartner is making determined efforts to get the people back to working for themselves in the copra business. This sensible campaign will be greatly aided if the movement now on foot to reduce the number of military bases on the island becomes a reality. The example of many individual Americans is far from edifying to the people there. For a period of several months, one American civilian camp averaged one murder a week. The Chamorro girls are, of course, the target of much extra-curricular activity on the part of Americans. Some of these very generous Americans want to show these "backward native girls" a little real "life". Little do they realize that Guam has had Christian civilization at least as long as America and has made much better use of it in many instances. Fortunately, the civil and military authorities are very strict about allowing anyone to enter Chamorro villages without a pass from the police in the area. Another very intelligent measure was that which prohibited anyone but the Chamorros

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from setting up a business in Guam. If the material and religious future is bright. Guam can absorb the benefits of American help without the accompanying evils,

A Touch of Babel

The difficulties experienced by missionaries in mastering a new language are amusingly set forth by one of the early Jesuit pioneers in Alaska, as quoted by Alma Savage in her book *Dogsled Apostles*: Father Barnum is the priest described, and he is recounting his method of trying to learn the Eskimo language.

"Suppose you are in a boat, you pick up an oar, point to it and say 'Cha'—what? The native gazes placidly at you and says: '*Chuya-ugeeakoa*.'

You write the native word carefully in your notebook, and feel you have made a start, and so you endeavor to obtain a verb.

"How do you say—I row?"

"The native may here suppose you wish a friendly criticism of your stroke, and advises you that you row very poorly.

"At the end of your effort, your note-book looks like this:

'Oar—I would like some tobacco.

1st person singular:—Thou rowest very poorly.

2nd person singular:—What do you want?

3rd person singular:—You both are rowing.

1st person plural:—Ye row.

2nd person plural:—Thou hast been rowing.

3rd person plural:—We are tired of rowing.

"After considerable research, you discover that you had the wrong word for oar to begin with; the word is not *chuya-ugeeakoa*, but *chavuetet*. Then the whole tense is laboriously reconstructed."

For Book Borrowers

Vincent Starrett in the *Chicago Tribune* relays the following "warnings to book borrowers" collected by a friend of his whose interesting hobby it is to collect such warnings.

Sir Walter Scott is said to have written this to a friend:

"And please return this book. You may think this a strange request, but I find that the many of my friends are poor arithmeticians, they are nearly all good book-keepers."

And here is a paragraph from the 10th century "Leach Book":

"Earnestly I pray here all men, in the name of Christ, that no treacherous person take this book from me. Neither by force, nor by theft, nor by false statement. Why? Because the richest treasure is not so dear to me as my dear books which the grace of Christ attends."

The following admonition is cast in verse:

"No chain I clamp upon this book,
But, please, I want it back by hook
Or—in person, possibly—by crook."

About Food

Note on our advancing civilization, to be filed in Dietetics Department:

A roadside restaurant near St. Louis has a big sign outside advertising a "Ground steak sandwich" and underneath this added warning: "Please don't call it hamburger."

A Hollywood coffeeshop, on the other hand, urges customers to "Try Our Forever Amburgers."

Christ and the Spoiled Retreat

The setting for one of the greatest of all the miracles of Our Lord, with the human interest that surrounded it.

R. J. Miller

"THE MOST interesting character I ever met" is the title of a series of articles in a popular monthly magazine.

The persons described are of many and surprising kinds, but all have this feature in common: under a more or less unprepossessing exterior, they turn out to be unexpectedly and heart-warmingly wise, constant, considerate, generous, brilliant, or self-sacrificing.

The Son of Man, the Human Being, deserves a place among such heroes (only, "the most interesting character I ever met" is a rather weak phrase to describe the power of His charm over those who "have met" Him). At first He is at best only taken for granted, as another good man, with nothing very prepossessing about His "character". But once you begin to get really acquainted with Him, there is absolutely no one like Him. Considerate and thoughtful, tender and incomparably loyal in His friendships; magnificent master of Himself and of every unexpected, untoward situation; yet able to stoop with ease even to gentle teasing of His friends; fixed on His life's purpose with iron determination that cannot be deviated one hair's breadth; mysterious in the depth and wealth of His miraculous powers—He stands alone, immeasurably above all the "interesting" characters of history.

The story of His "spoiled retreat" with His Apostles brings out many of His characteristics in unusually brilliant

relief.

Come away to a quiet spot, and rest a while,

He one day said to the Twelve. Yet when they arrived at the "quiet spot" they found even more excitement than they had left behind. Their retreat was spoiled. But the Human Being did not allow Himself to be disappointed. Instead, with perfect mastery of the situation, He capitalized on its very awkwardness by working the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and revealing all the wonders of light on His doctrine and His peerless personality which accompanied and followed that miracle.

The complete story of "the spoiled retreat" covers two full days, or a day, a night, and a day. On the first day, He took the Apostles from Bethsaida on the west coast of the Sea of Galilee in a direction north and east across the tip of the lake to the "quiet place". There, however, they found a great crowd awaiting them; and Jesus "took pity on them, because they were like sheep without a shepherd" and sat down and taught them for a long time. Then in the evening He worked the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves. But when the people wanted to make Him king, He hastily urged the Apostles into the boat again and, although a strong breeze had come up and the lake was very rough, ordered them to row back to Bethsaida. By this time it was night, and He went off into the hills Himself

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alone. Towards morning, after the Apostles had been struggling at their rowing for hours, He came walking to them upon the water. And the next day, in the synagogue at Capharnaum, He was occupied with a long discussion with the Jews, during which He gave His great promise of the Holy Eucharist.

What caused Our Lord to take the Apostles over the Sea of Galilee to the "quiet place" at the outset was a combination of circumstances. He had sent them out some time before on a little missionary tour of their own, giving them "power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases." Now they had come back, tired but enthusiastic, and full of their adventures.

They related to Him all they had done and taught.

The Human Being saw that they needed rest, and His considerate Heart was eager to provide it for them. But there could be no rest where they were:

There were many coming and going, and they had not so much as time to eat!

And this was not all. In the midst of all the excitement, there came a disturbing piece of very bad news. At the edge of the crowd a sad-faced group of strangers made their appearance, and before long introduced themselves to Our Lord as the disciples of St. John the Baptist, bringing Him the information that the friend He esteemed most highly and been beheaded by Herod in prison, and that they had just come from burying his body.

Our Lord listened, and then said to the Apostles:

Come away to a quiet spot, and rest a while.

They needed it, and His kind Heart wanted to give it to them. But He needed it too. Like any true human

friend, He felt the need of getting away from the noisy, milling throng and being alone with His grief over the tragic death of His friend.

So they went down to the wharf at Bethsaida, found and boarded a boat, and laid their course for the northeastern shore, about four or five miles across the water.

But the noisy throng would not be denied. They watched the boat put out, with the Apostles at the oars, and no doubt gave utterance to many pleas and lamentations for delay and for further help and cures. And then as they watched, some of the more intelligent or desperate members of the crowd began to realize or guess where the boat was heading, and at once set out on foot around the shore of the lake, so as to be able to meet Our Lord when He came to land. The rest of the crowd quickly caught the idea, and soon the whole vast multitude—"five thousand men, not counting women and children"—was pilgrimage bound towards Our Lord's "quiet place". And sure enough, when He and the Apostles ran their boat up on shore, they found a mammoth welcoming committee, ready and eager to share their retreat.

It was a strange retreat indeed. The one time that Christ invited His Apostles off for a few quiet hours with Himself was destined to turn out to be the busiest time—and the hardest night—in weeks or months! But how could Our Lord have given them such an invitation under the circumstances? Did He really want them to have those quiet hours at all? Did He not foresee that the crowd was going to spoil the retreat?

The answer is that as Man—as the Human Being—He was following the promptings of His generous, tender, friendly, human Heart, and really did want His Apostles to have their needed

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rest and retreat. As God, He foresaw that the retreat and the rest would not be possible at that time; but He also foresaw and forewilled something else; something far better than any rest and retreat; something that would be a source of strength and consolation to the Apostles and to countless others of His followers for all time: the first beginnings of the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and new proofs of His divine power and never failing presence to those who trust in Him in time of need.

If He had not led the Apostles to the desert, the crowd would not have followed. If the crowd had not followed, there would not have been the occasion for the multiplication of the loaves. If there had been no multiplication of the loaves, He would not have had this occasion for His prediction of the Holy Eucharist.

Besides, He knew that one of the most difficult things in the lives of His Apostles and all His followers would be the cross of seeing their good plans spoiled; seeing projects that had been undertaken for the good of souls and the Church with the blessing of God, go on to meet with interruption, hindrance, obstruction, and even to fail completely.

And to arm them against this difficulty—to show that the spoiling of human plans, even the best and noblest, is not necessarily the spoiling of God's plans—He gave a marvelous example in the present case of adaptation to a difficult and disappointing situation.

Calm and unruffled, without the slightest sign of petulance or disappointed selfishness, He followed the lead indicated by Divine Providence. He "made the most of the situation," in a completely divine sense of the familiar expression; He was even able to capitalize on the difficulty for the good of

all concerned by the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and by the other wonders that followed it.

So completely and generously did He accept the new situation, in fact, that He was able to have His playful little jest about it at the expense of His simple, boyish Apostle, St. Philip.

The two of them were looking out together over the thousands of milling pilgrims; night was coming on; it was past time for the evening meal, but the poor people had brought no food along. Jesus asked St. Philip:

Where shall we buy bread for them to eat?

and St. John the Evangelist, who relates the incident, is careful to add:

And this He said to try him; for He Himself knew what He was going to do.

"To try him" or even "to tease him" as we might put it in our modern familiar expression; for it has been suggested that this was one occasion when the Holy Gospel presents Our Divine Lord as having His little jest!

But what a time for a jest, when He was on the eve of some of the grandest actions of His entire public career! And what perfect self-mastery He must have possessed, to be able to speak so gently, so calmly, so teasingly to a simple little Apostle on such an occasion!

In a moment, of course, He was another Man entirely, as He set about the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves. Direct, business-like, radiating confidence, He gave His orders, had the people sit down "on the green grass," as St. Mark notes, blessed the loaves and the fishes, and sent the Apostles out among the crowd to distribute five barley loaves and two fishes to five thousand men, not counting women and children!

And then, after the miracle, when the

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people wanted to make Him King, He was still another Man again—no less the compelling master of the situation, but in a new and urgent, forceful manner.

Immediately He forced His disciples to get into the boat and go ahead of Him over the water to Bethsaida.

It was dark by now, and a strong wind was rising to blow in the face of the Apostles. Did they demur a little at this strange order of the Lord? It would have been strange if they did not; if they did not do a little hanging back, expostulating, trying to beg off. They were so tired, it was so late, a storm was coming up; surely it must have been a new exercise of Our Lord's power over men that He succeeded in having His way. St. Mark's very words,

He forced them to get into the boat, suggest a scene of power and urgency. Between Our Lord's eagerness for haste to escape the "king-minded" in the crowd, and the customary slowness (and now the tired unwillingness) of the Apostles, this embarking must have constituted a rather exciting and dramatic episode by itself. It is quite likely, moreover, that some at least of the Apostles were "king-minded" themselves, which surely added to their unwillingness to see the gathering break up so unceremoniously. And so, as they took hold of the boat to run it down into the water, and were drenched with the first cold shower of spray thrown up by the waves that were thudding in hard and

heavy on the beach, they surely were in anything but an amiable and pious frame of mind—a frame of mind, however, which we other human beings of a later age can understand only too well, and which somehow seems to bring the poor tired and grouchy Apostles very close to ourselves, even across the span of two thousand years.

But finally they had unwillingly shoved off into the waves, and taken up their oars for the long hard row home. And then Our Lord at last

fled into the mountains Himself alone.

And St. Mark gives the reason:

He went up into the mountain to pray.

He thus escaped the excited crowd that would make Him King; but no doubt He had another reason as well. Ever since He had heard of the death of St. John the Baptist He had been looking for this chance to be alone with His grief and His Father; and now He had it at last.

But what mighty, world-rocking prayers must have gone up from that midnight mountainside! What new girding Himself for the future, now that a solemn epoch in His career had come to a close with the death of His great Precursor! What prayers and preparations, even, for the startling message of the morrow—the promise to the world of His very flesh to eat and His very blood to drink!

Challenge

At the portals of a French town can be found the following inscription, which might be written at the gate of life for every man:

"Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it and you shall hear it. But on other terms? Enter not. If you cannot rise to us, we cannot stoop to you."



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On Silence

The discipline of silence is frequently forced on shut-ins. Friends, nurses, members of their family, cannot be with them at all times; short visits from those who have their own tasks to fulfill and other persons to care for are about all that can be expected. Thus the shut-in has many hours to himself, to be passed in solitude and in silence. And it is good that he have a positive philosophy concerning the advantages and blessings of silence.

There are two kinds of silence that are profitable to human beings. The first is the silence of aloneness; the second is the silence that means refraining from saying wrong things in the presence of others. What is called the silence of aloneness should really be the atmosphere of awareness of and conversation with God. The power of speaking with fellow human beings is a wonderful gift of God; its use provides many of the greatest comforts and joys that a human being can know. But it can also become a barrier to the highest form of conversation, viz., that with God. Those who resent and resist the necessity of silence usually know and think little about God; usually, too, they are abusers of the power of speech. The shut-in should teach himself to welcome periods of silence as occasions for turning from men to God, and should not be too anxious to fill them with distracting occupations, such as listening to the radio or reading the lightest kind of books and magazines. It is good to know that one can so grow in intimacy with God through silence and prayer that eventually, in such periods, He will do all the speaking, and will illumine the soul with many truths that could not otherwise ever have been learned.

It is through appreciation of the first kind of silence that a person learns best to practice the second, by which he refrains from using the power of speech wrongly in conversing with others. Speech was not meant to be means of hurting others, by detraction, slander, backbiting, and gossip; nor was it intended as a medium for whining, grumbling, complaining about one's lot and the sufferings one must endure. But it is only the strong awareness of God's nearness and His providence, deepened by his hours of aloneness, that can train the shut-in to practice the silence of charity and resignation in the presence of others.

A Chance to Cooperate

The magic word in all serious discussions of economic justice and peace is "cooperation". This article tells how the word can be made to live.

R. Grismer

MARK ME DOWN as one of the American "masses." Karl Marx would color it; he'd call me, a "suffering proletarian."

I'm a workaday American wage-earner, a breath ahead of unflagging expenses: clothing, food, housing, medical care, kid's education, an occasional recreational let-up, and other homely but needed items. You won't find me running my own shop, managing my little factory, planting, cultivating, harvesting on my own farm—I have no productive property.

Yet, I'm not a rugged individualist; I'm a reasonable individual. There's no challenging chip on my shoulder, no mulish glare to my eye, my chest arch is comfortably normal. Plainly, I want to be helpful and be helped.

My temperament kicks up if I loll back and allow fleecing events to slip by, recognized but untouched. I've got the courage and energy to reach out, clamp on to, fight for what is mine.

That's me, your American proletarian, helpful, energetic.

With the background of such a make-up I nosed around to size up the economic and social picture in America. It's dangerously cloudy. I don't like it.

Cocky greed and sophisticated selfishness rule the coop. Simple justice and charity are butted out the back door. My freedom and security?—they've been sucked out of my control. Power concentrations pretty well draft the routine of living, with monopolies, during the war, fattening on 1,800 formerly

independent manufacturing and mining concerns, and sewing up postwar purchasing rights to \$9,000,000,000 worth of wartime facilities (publicly financed) adaptable to peace time production; with 100 out of 18,000 companies pig-gishly pocketing \$170,000,000,000 of the \$175,000,000,000 given in war contracts; with one-tenth of one per cent of all the corporations sacking away 52% of the total corporate assets—a lovely sketch of free, vigorous private enterprise. Even the traditionally free-wheeling farmers haven't escaped the corporate strong-arm; today, only about 45% of American farms are home-owned and operated.

Prices rocket up, dizzy, uncontrolled (by the buyer) while I squirm, helpless, and squeeze the budget a little harder. It hurts. Stretch the wages, the wages, for whose increase the union reasoned, dug in and fought. Big business whines that it can't afford a neat increase in wages: bloated corporations with their \$15,000,000,000 profit-sagging coffers must cushion themselves for possible financial jolts. And the wage-earner, who cushions him?

Here I'll call a halt. Surely it's sufficiently clear that I just can't be expected to continue to wallow around in such a slough of unevenness. So I hop on the "Red" Express, tag behind some loud-mouthed jerk and scream, "Comes the revolution!" No. That's a childish, lazy, unthinking way, which doesn't work.

I need instruments that will help me,

in fact, to regain my freedom—economic and social—but without the heavy, smothering hand of undue government interference, and without the creation of new individualistic powers. Security must accompany this freedom, if it's not to be laughable, chaotic, short-lived. And still more. A spirit of neighborly charity must replace stiff-necked greed and selfishness. Without charity personalities will clash and jam the smoothest laid plans. Above all, the means for this improvement must be practicable. You and I, without a lengthy education and bulging barrels of money, must be able to pitch in and work, tellingly, for our social and economic betterment.

A big order, isn't it? So what? We Americans thrive on all-out efforts.

Now, I'm offering a simple tool, which, put into the hands of run-of-the-mill, working citizens, will go a long way to answer the demands of what is needed. It alone won't right the social unbalance in America. No. It will be a major prop, but in addition, it will bolster and flank other needed forces. That tool is cooperation.

A big let-down? Wait, hear me out. Find out what cooperation really is and why it'll work.

Briefly, cooperation is a technique by which willing persons, for their economic and social good, band together to service themselves, to eliminate the costly "middleman." These persons form what is called a cooperative, an association to buy something, to sell something, to produce something, or to get a reasonable credit. Naturally, these different aims give you the specific types of co-ops: the consumer, the marketing, the producer cooperatives, and the small cooperative bank, the credit union.

Supporting and guiding all true cooperatives are three basic principles or

rules: one member, one vote; return of co-op earnings on the basis of the member's amount of business with his co-operative; and open membership, which means that no one is turned down because of his race, politics, or religion. Anything more democratic?

As this definition and explanation are brief, so they are sketchy, tracing out only the broad outlines. Sometimes the distinction between the producer and marketing co-op, and its related processing co-ops, is not clear cut. Mention, too, of the numberless particular cooperative services, from store goods to funerals, has been skipped. Besides the three founding principles, the different classes have other buttressing rules. For instance, in consumer cooperatives the general guide is to frown on credit trade, and to trade at the going rate. In addition, all far-sighted co-ops lay aside funds, both as reserves to tide over any future mishap, and to promote education or expansion.

Yet the heart of all cooperatives, whatever their type or additional principles, beats with a twofold life: the spirit of unity and the spirit of good will.

Maybe you like the idea of cooperatives, maybe you don't. Anyway, listen and you'll see (I hope) why you should welcome them.

In short, co-ops square with the desired qualities of a bettering economic and social instrument. Freedom, security, charity and practicability—remember them?

You like elbow room, don't you, a healthy sense of freedom which buoys you up with a joy of living? Cooperation is the ticket for you. Slowly perhaps, but surely, your position will change. From stepping along mechanically in an economic and social straight-jacket, you'll break loose into the swing-

ing stride of a thinking, planning, influencing person. Economic knots will be untied by your hands. Noticeably your interest—political and social—will spark with a new current, steady, balanced; the feel of productive property will be the quickener. This change will come safely. No stifling excess of governmental control, no cradling of new monopolistic individualists.

And you'll be snug in your new security. Prices will be better regulated: why overcharge yourself? Unions will mean more. Why? More unity. Extraplant association in cooperatives will solidify the common bond in the plant, develop a more wholesome concern for each other's welfare. The presence of a lively, vying, healthy, private enterprise—greatly achieved by competing and restraining co-op activities—will insure stable markets, which mean permanent jobs. Wages will buy more, as you yourself gain more price say-so.

Cooperation spells out charity. Not a vague, wordy sort, but the real stuff, practiced within the cooperative structure. Neighborliness will flower. By experience, you and your fellow cooperativists will be taught its bracing superiority over selfishness. On the heels of this will follow a happier community life, the kind you dream about and idyllic billboards feature.

Who'll be reshaping your life, charting your destiny, coloring brightly the dreams of your children? You will! You, with your own head, hands and heart, will be doing this because the cooperative method is a practicable one. No offsetting demands of huge resources, no impossible, extensive training; just the individual good will, a spirit of unity—and work.

There's the framework of the cooperative structure—its nature, its selling qualities.

Possibly you have some doubts about the outgrowth of the co-op scope. You might ask: in this set-up, what happens to that class typified by the small grocer? will we cooperativists shoulder him out of business? and does this idea of cooperation mean the over-all replacement of private enterprise?

Whether he is aware of it or not, the fair-dealing small grocer, right now, has a big ally in the cooperative movement. Reports show that a great number of retail operators fold up each year. What's behind this? Sloppy management, haphazard service and unwanted products are one answer; inroads of chain stores are another and possibly the main one. Against these chain stores co-ops rise as a bulwark, behind which retailers can operate in true competition.

But the competition between retailers and cooperatives, what about it? Here there is no real fear. Co-ops don't necessarily crowd out small business from the field. In England the cooperative method has existed for over ninety years, yet small business has not been swamped. Sweden and Denmark could also uphold this same point.

Certainly, there'll be a degree of consumer adjustment. Sure. But what economic progress didn't demand adjustment! Remember this, too: if the individual has the right to form his own business, has not a group of individuals the right to set up an enterprise and run it in common? You bet they have.

Besides, able small retail managers are invited to join in the co-op movement. It's to their benefit. They gain in security, lose little freedom, remain managers and are part owners.

And cooperation doesn't mean the death of the system of private enterprise, either. A control is needed; that's clear. Co-ops can supply it. Internally the check of competition upon overreaching,

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monopolistic price-setting forces has failed. An external curb, that accomplished by a strong cooperative movement, is a replacement. No need for a complete substitution. A partial one can do the job. In Sweden co-ops, rep-

resenting 30 per cent of business, give sufficient economic balance.

Well, my case is complete. The need is great, a means is at hand, success is assured—let's cooperate!

Social Security

Cardinal Gasquet in one of his interesting books on medieval England mentions the astounding fact that connected with the parish church of Bodmin, a small medieval hamlet, there were no fewer than forty guilds, five of them trade guilds, and the others established for social and religious purposes. Among the special works taken in hand by these guilds he lists the following: Relief in poverty, sickness, old age, loss of sight, loss of limb, loss of cattle, on fall of house, in making pilgrimages, loss by fire, loss by flood, loss by robbery, shipwreck, imprisonment, aid in pecuniary difficulties, aid to obtain work, defending in law, relief for the deaf, relief for leprosy, dowry on marriage or entrance into religious life, repairs of roads and bridges, repairs of churches, burial of the dead.

Repercussions

Our freedom and the world's equilibrium are mutually dependent, and this is what we must understand if we are not to be astounded at the profound mystery of Reversibility, which is the philosophic name of the great dogma of the Communion of Saints. Every man who begets a free act projects his personality into the infinite. If he gives a poor man a penny grudgingly, that penny pierces the poor man's hand, falls, pierces the earth, bores holes in suns, crosses the firmament, and compromises the universe. If he begets an impure act, he perhaps darkens thousands of hearts whom he does not know, who are mysteriously linked to him, and who need this man to be pure as a traveller dying of thirst needs the Gospel's draught of water. A charitable act, an impulse of real pity sings for him the divine praises, from the time of Adam to the end of ages; it cures the sick, consoles those in despair, calms storms, ransoms prisoners, converts the infidel and protects mankind.

—Leon Bloy

Ounch!

Gruntch,
on a hunch,
played a pony
named Punch.

Punch
led the bunch,
but tarried
to munch
lunch.
Crunch.
Crunch.
Cruntch!

—F. M. Lee



Side Glances

By the Bystander

The talk of the reading world, over the past few months, has been a novel by the English Catholic, Graham Greene, entitled "The Heart of the Matter". Having been chosen by one of the larger book clubs as a regular offering, it was assured of best-seller rating by reason of the number of sales, but it has also claimed the special attention of reviewers in almost every magazine, Catholic and non-Catholic, of any pretensions in the land. It is a Catholic novel, both in the sense of being written by a Catholic, and in the truer sense of dealing with Catholic characters, but it is even more highly controverted than the author's previous great novel "The Power and the Glory" (made into the movie "The Fugitive"). "What are we to think of it?" is the question of mature and intelligent Catholics on all sides. Here is something of an answer.

The plot of the book is quite simple. It centers about the conflict in the soul of Scobie, a police officer in an English colony on the African coast during the late war, between his knowledge of and loyalty to his Catholic faith, and his pity for the unfortunate that leads him into adultery with a shipwrecked young widow while his wife is absent on a vacation. His marriage had become a matter of routine and monotony, but pity for his wife had kept him faithful; when she goes on her extended vacation, his pity is transferred to the bride of a few weeks who is washed up on the African coast after having lived through the loss of her husband in the sinking of their ship and several days on the open sea in a life boat. His pity leads him almost imperceptibly into adultery. From that point on the conflict rages furiously in Scobie's soul. On the one hand, he is fully conscious of the meaning of sin and hell and damnation and the demands of God's love; on the other hand, he feels that he cannot leave Helen (the widow) without hurting her. This conflict becomes further complicated when he receives word that his wife is suddenly returning, and he becomes conscious

anew of pity for her. Fully aware of what he is doing, but to the end not wanting to hurt either his paramour or his wife and not knowing how to escape doing so, he commits suicide. His last words are the beginning of an affirmation of love for God.

In the judgment of this reviewer, the author has totally missed one factor that would have at least lessened the conflict in the heart of a man like Scobie, and probably prevented the tragic solution that he chose. Once he has fallen into sin, Scobie shows a clear understanding of its meaning; he has no doubts about the value of a soul, and the horror of damnation for himself tortures him; but never once does he show the least concern for his sin's effect on his partner, nor for the terror of damnation in respect to her soul. This, we think, is where the author fails to present a true and consistent picture of a Catholic such as Scobie is described. We admit that there are Catholics who commit adultery without thinking of its effect, temporal or eternal, on their partner in sin. But they are not Catholics like Scobie. Scobie is too keenly aware of the relation of sin to the Passion of Our Lord, too undeviatingly certain of the destiny of every human soul, too acutely clear-headed about God's love and God's will, not to have given, in real life, some thought to what sin could do to another soul. For himself, Scobie is tortured with the fear and expectation of damnation; for his paramour he is worried only that she will be lonesome without him. This inconsistency is not resolved by assuming that Scobie considered her invincibly ignorant about spiritual things; that dodge is not worthy of a Catholic of Scobie's mentality and keen perceptions. Indeed, he has ample opportunity of observing his lover becoming more crude and crass as his sins with her mount; it is preposterous to think that his pity would not have stood at least a little in the way of the complete disintegration of character that adultery would cause in her, despite her previous callousness to virtue, to say nothing of the ultimate loss of her soul.

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Even apart from the adultery, it is strange that the author of the book could permit Scobie to be so utterly indifferent to the spiritual welfare of others. We do not say this because it would be nice to see a Catholic character in a Catholic book show a bit of zeal; we say it only because it is demanded by the character given to Scobie. How could a man, so tremulously conscious of the meaning of sacrilege, so spontaneously able to relate his own sins to the nailing of Christ to His cross, so childlike in his faith in heaven and hell, not think of all these things in relation to others? Especially when the predominant natural characteristic of his temperament is pity and compassion for others? That, we think, is the great weakness of the book. A hundred times Scobie asks and answers the question: "What am I doing to myself, spiritually?" He never once adverts to the question, "What am I doing to Helen, spiritually?" If he had, he might still have had a rough time escaping the fetters of sin, but almost certainly he would not have ended up with a perfectly futile solution, that of depriving Helen of his comfort, his wife of his pity, and his soul of heaven, by committing suicide.

Other reviewers have argued endlessly about the nobility or ignobility of Scobie's character. To us, it seems that the author has given him two different characters. Before his sin, he appears as a man of chiefly natural virtue: he is just, honest, loyal, temperate and always compassionate toward the downtrodden and unfortunate. During this period the spiritual and supernatural motives seem to have little influence over him; he goes to Mass because his wife wishes it; he misses "without a good reason" when she is away. Then suddenly, after he falls into adultery, he begins

to spiritualize and supernaturalize everything, except, of course, the effect of his sins on his paramour's soul. Suddenly the Mass and the sacraments take on tremendous and beautiful meaning; God's love appears to be a wonderful thing; sin is horrible, and hell is as real as the noonday sun. Perhaps the author wanted to show how the purely natural virtues can lead to the so-called "natural" sins. But seldom in real life does this process also lead to so thorough a supernaturalization of outlook as Scobie is made to evince.

A final point that will be argued as long as the book is read is the question of whether Scobie was saved by his attempted act of love of God just before he died. We doubt that the author had any intention of deciding. It is true that an act of sincere and perfect love of God can wipe out any number of sins; but the act must include a reversal of all decisions previously made in favor of sin. Scobie's decisions in favor of sin seemed pretty final, but his accountability, his repentance, his love could be judged only by God. Surely if the author intended to project the idea, as some reviewers have suggested, that Scobie's dominant pity for others lessened or destroyed the guilt of deliberate adultery, sacrilege and suicide, then he is far from a safe interpreter of theology or Christianity. We do not think he intended such a distortion. As can be gathered from this critique, the book is not for children or the immature. But any mature Catholic can read it with profit, especially if mindful of the inconsistencies mentioned above. Scobie's actualization of his faith in the midst of his conflict is more apt to influence minds and hearts than his illogical choice of damnation.

Snappy Best Sellers

A recent library exhibition at Yale University pointed up the reading habits of Americans for the last hundred years. The most widely read literary pieces in that period were:

The McGuffey Reader—125,000,000 copies sold since 1834.

The Sears-Roebuck Catalogue—14,000,000 copies.

The Boy Scouts Handbook—10,000,000 copies.

Booklets of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company—combined circulation—1,400,000,000.



Catholic Anecdotes

The Important Record

Louis XV of France may not have been in all respects a model monarch, but the following incident shows him to have had a truly Christian sense of the important things in life.

In accordance with the custom of his time, the king's two children were baptized privately when infants; when they reached the age of seven or eight, solemn ceremonies were added.

When this important day came, the king arranged that in the baptismal register the name of a poor man's child was entered before that of the little prince.

After the ceremony, the king would point out this fact to his little son, remarking as he did so:

"See, there is no distinction or rank before God. One day you will be king of this land. This boy whose name appears ahead of yours may be unknown to the world, but he will nevertheless be far more illustrious in the eyes of God if he lives according to God's laws, and if you, on the other hand, turn out to be a traitor to your duties."

It was an effective lesson which the little princes did not soon forget.

Last Gift

Touching indeed is this story told of the great St. Jerome, doctor of the church and supreme scholar of the Holy Scriptures.

In his old age, St. Jerome retired to a grotto in Palestine near the traditional cave of Bethlehem where Christ was born, and here he spent his time in meditation and prayer.

One night he was kneeling in contemplation of the Nativity of Christ, which feast was close at hand, when suddenly the Infant Jesus appeared to him, resplendent with light, and spoke to him these words:

"Jerome, what dost thou give me for My birthday?"

"Divine Infant," answered the saint, "I give Thee my heart."

"Yes, but give me something more."

"I give Thee all the prayers and affections of my heart."

"That is good, but I want something more than that."

"I give Thee all that I have and all that I am."

"This gift I already have, and there is still something more that I desire."

"Divine Infant, I have nothing. What is it that I can give Thee, who art God?"

"Jerome, give me your sins."

"But what wilt Thou do with them, Lord?"

"Give Me your sins, Jerome," repeated the Child, "that I may pardon them all in the tenderness of My love."

Is it to be wondered at that Jerome, according to the story, spent this night dissolved in happy tears?

Under Fire

In the life of Don Bosco it is related that on one occasion the saint was called to attend an old reprobate who was dying, and who had absolutely refused to see the priest.

As soon as Don Bosco entered the room, the sick man cried out:

"Do you come as a friend or as a priest?"

"As a friend."

"Well, see to it that you do not

even so much as mention the word confession." And the sick man proceeded to take two pistols from beneath his pillow. "If you do," he went on, "I shall fire one of my guns at you, and the other at myself, for I have only a short time to live."

The saint calmly promised not to speak about confession without the sick man's permission. He then began to question the patient about his disease, and what the doctor had said, and finally he adroitly turned the conversation to the death of the French rationalist, Voltaire, which had taken place a short time before.

"Some say Voltaire is damned," Don Bosco said, "but I do not think so, for I know the mercy of God is infinite."

"Do you mean to tell me," the sick man interrupted, "that there is hope for Voltaire?"

"Certainly there is."

"Then please hear my confession; if there is a chance for him, there is no need for me to despair."

And he made his confession, amid true signs of sorrow.

How to Make Friends

Lincoln on one occasion in a gathering of his friends spoke with kindness of his Confederate enemies, and although the Civil War was still raging, manifested his fundamental charity.

A certain lady who was present was greatly scandalized at this, and was frank enough to say as much:

"How can you speak so well of those who would gladly seek your life? Should you not rather seek to destroy your enemies?"

"My dear woman," was Lincoln's reply, "Do I not destroy them if by my kindness I make them my friends?"

Formula

A young man once visited a hermit who had a great reputation for wisdom and holiness.

"My purpose in coming to you," he said, "is to ask you what I should do in order to assure myself of heaven. I live in the midst of a wicked world, and all around me is temptation."

"My son," replied the hermit, "this is what you must do. Every morning when you awaken, say to yourself: 'Perhaps this day will be the last of my life.' Every evening say to yourself: 'Perhaps I will die before morning.'

"If you reflect sufficiently upon these two sentences, you will come to despise the world and the vain hopes of men, and your life will be spent for God."

Consequence

The renowned Italian poet, Torquato Tasso, was once visiting at the court of King Charles IX, and in the course of a conversation one day the monarch raised the following question:

"Who in your opinion is the happiest person alive?"

"God is the happiest of all beings," was the prompt reply.

"Yes, of course," said the king. "But who is the happiest person alive after God?"

The poet thought for a moment; then he gave this very profound reply:

"I suppose the happiest person after God is the person who becomes most like God."

How to be Humble

Humiliation is the way to humility, as patience is to peace and reading to knowledge. If I cannot stand being humbled, I cannot become humble. The virtue is in the heart; I am humble when I accept humiliations.



Pointed Paragraphs

October and the Rosary

To some people the rosary is superstition. They say it is like the use of a rabbit's foot or a charm on the watch chain. They say that fingering beads in the hope of receiving a favor or of being protected from evil is like wearing a potato around the neck to get rid of warts.

But saying the rosary is not a mere fingering of beads. It is the saying of prayers that were composed by God (the Our Father), by God's mother and the Saints (the Hail Mary), and by the Apostles (the Apostles' Creed). And while the prayers are being said, meditation is made on the chief events in the life of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. Without attention to the prayers or meditation on the mysteries, the rosary, of course, is useless and little better than superstition. With attention and meditation it becomes a means of self-examination and a prod to resolution.

They also say that repetition of the same prayer over and over again is senseless, irrational, childish. It is childish in this sense that a mother is content with the one word "mamma" from the lips of her child who is just learning to speak even though the child says the word a hundred times a day. Lovers of the rosary look upon themselves as children, children who are just beginning to learn the language of heaven. They feel that their mother is not angry at them if they repeat over and over again the sweet words of the Hail Mary and the strong words of the Our Father. By what authority, anyway, are pray-

ers of their own invention better than these ancient and universally accepted prayers?

The rosary has been directly commended to the people by the Blessed Virgin herself in apparitions at Lourdes and Fatima. Those who followed the advice of the Mother of God and said their rosary faithfully and fervently have been the recipients of many wonderful favors.

October is the month of the rosary. Let families who have not done so thus far begin the practice this month of saying the rosary together each evening. After supper. Before anyone leaves the table for the business of the evening. It is a way of introducing the Blessed Virgin into the home. It is a way of keeping her there, too.

The Other Side of the South

It is good to have evidence of the fact that the opposition to civil rights for Negroes, so highly publicized through southern political leaders during the past few months, does not represent the attitude of many good American citizens who live in the south.

Such evidence (there must be much of it lying around) was produced recently by Aubrey Williams, a native son of Alabama, who has done social work in both the north and south and who is at present the editor of the *Southern Farmer* and president of the Alabama Farmers' Union. Mr. Williams, writing a column in the *New York Star*, tells of the circumstances of his election to the presidency of the Farmers' Union.

A meeting was being held for the purpose of electing officers, and when Mr. Williams was nominated for the office of president, he asked to make a statement to the electors. He told them that there were two points he wanted to make clear before they voted for him: the one was that if there were any Communists in the Farmers' Union, they were not welcome as far as he was concerned; the second was that he did not believe in a color line, and that he went on the principle that every man was to be measured by his character and not by whether his skin was white or black. Having made this blunt statement, he left the hall and permitted the voting to be done in his absence. An hour later news was brought to him that he had been unanimously elected president of the Farmers' Union.

The Alabama Farmers' Union is composed of a cross section of the State's farmers, some of them large landholders and some small. That such a group would elect a man as their president, after he had clearly made it known that he rejected any principle of white supremacy or any such thing as a color line in American citizenship, is ample proof that southern politicians do not speak for all their people when they express themselves willing to go to any lengths to prevent Negroes from sharing the rights of full citizenship. May their numerous opponents make their voices heard above the racist rantings of the demagogues!

Grounds for More Charity

In the celebrated case of the People against the Religious Garb of Sisters in North Dakota it was found out that some of the very good non-Catholic friends of Catholic men and women had signed the petition demanding the removal of the religious garb. Who these

people were was not generally known until someone conceived the idea of going to the place where such names are kept on file, of securing the names and then posting them in the vestibule of one of the large Catholic churches of the town. When the people came out from Mass the following Sunday morning, they read the list and were quite naturally surprised. Here was the name of Mr. John Smith (a broad-minded Protestant) who had been such an old friend of the O'Learys; here was the name of Mr. Joseph Jones (another good Protestant) who always called the priest "Father," and who went out of his way to be generous to Catholic projects. And so on. The worm had turned; and while it had appeared to be very beautiful in the position it had occupied for so long a time, now it was discovered to have a certain amount of slime and dirt concealed beneath it that no one amongst the Catholics had ever been aware of.

We print this incident not to make all Catholics suspicious of all non-Catholics but rather to make Catholics even more charitable than they already are. It is hard to bear with a man who is a hypocrite, who smiles to your face and then does all that he can to destroy what is dearest to you the moment your back is turned. To be kind to people like that is the real test of charity. And the possibility is that many conversions will result from such charity.

If names are to be hung up in vestibules, then, let it be done only out of the motive of increasing charity. The parish priest might give a little sermon the morning he posts the names. Or, he might have a few words at the beginning of the list, pointing out that these people, the ones whose names are below, are the ones who should receive the very cream of the parishioners' charity.

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It is certain that as long as we live up to our holy religion we are going to be persecuted. Christ Himself forecast that fact. But Christ was sure to make clear that no good Catholic has a right to hold anything against the persecutor. It is a case of turning the other cheek. Forbidding the sisters to wear their religious habit was a form of persecution, not as vicious as that of forbidding them to wear their heads, which was the form persecution took in other times, but persecution nevertheless. Persecution is overcome by charity, not by counter persecution.

Thus, lists like the one hung up in the North Dakota church are good—if they make the Catholic people more charitable. Otherwise they are useless and even harmful.

"You Can't Live Here"

Many Americans are becoming victims of a phobia concerning their neighbors. Their eyes glued to the front window of their home, they inspect carefully all who pass by and take so much as a curious glance at the house next door. They have an unwritten code as to who is to be permitted to live where; and if the prescriptions of the code are not followed and undesirables move into the neighborhood, they feel under a compulsion to move out even though their home has all conveniences, is close to their work and suits them exactly. The code they live by is definitely not to be found in the Gospel.

The strange part of the phobia is this—it permits to come into the neighborhood people who are the least desirable, such as those who have been divorced half a dozen times, those who have made a lot of money in shady and unseemly ways, those who are pagans, immoralists and unbelievers, those who flaunt God and the things of God. Yet, it causes

shudders and deep anger if a Jewish family contemplates buying a neighboring house even though the Jewish family may be better morally than most of the people who show such a dislike for its origin. It is worse if a Negro family secures a house in a white neighborhood. Immediately meetings are held to find out if there is anything that can be done to prevent the calamity from taking place. When all avenues have been pursued and the conclusion has been drawn that there is nothing that can be done, then the white people take steps to give up their own house and live elsewhere. One would almost imagine that the Negro were bringing with him and his family a sort of contagion that would wipe out all who lived near him like a fierce and unbending plague.

Many specious excuses are given for closing certain sections of a city to certain people. It is said that the Jews are dirty. Such a generalization is false. It is said that if one Jew comes in, thousands of others will follow. This is true; but it is true mainly because there are so few sections where Jews may live. If there were only a few corners in the country where the Irish or the German or the French could live, you would find these sections filled principally with Irish or German or French people. It is said that the Negroes allow good property to go to pieces. This is not true of all Negroes. It is true of the poor and uneducated Negroes in the same way that it is true of the poor and uneducated white people. There are no slums in the world worse than the slums that are made by white people. Give the normal Negro a chance, and he will keep his property just as beautiful as does his white neighbor.

The whole business is a repetition of the story of the good Samaritan.

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Neighborhood restricters might read that story with profit. And they might make a special meditation on the answer that Our Lord gave to the question: "Who is my neighbor?" The story can be found in St. Luke's Gospel, the 10th chapter, the 23rd verse. *We would say that it is possible for a person to commit a grave sin if by his positive actions he prevents a family from moving into a neighborhood merely because of color or nationality.* It is against the direct command of Christ: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Sense of Cohesion

Not so long ago the newspapers carried the account of a convention of members of the Unitarian faith in one of the large Eastern seaboard cities. Now ordinarily news accounts of the religious conventions of our non-Catholic friends do not arouse in us any particular interest. For one thing, they seem to be held with extreme frequency; and for another, the agenda always seems to concern the same subjects, i.e., the recall of Myron Taylor from the Vatican, and Catholic efforts to take over the White House.

But this Unitarian convention was refreshingly different. The two standard topics of discussion were apparently not even touched upon. The whole purpose of the meeting was to establish, if possible, some common platform of belief for the Unitarian faithful.

The sequel proved that the attempt was fruitless. No common denominator of belief could be found; in fact, there was no agreement upon even the basic question as to whether or not there is a God. One delegate summed up the common bewilderment in the following remarkable statement:

"We have a strong sense of cohesion in our midst, but we have never been

able to state what it is."

This profession of faith, we must confess, intrigues us to no small degree. Here we have the complete and utter simplification of religion, the reducing of the Creed to just one basic article: "I believe in a strong sense of cohesion." Beyond that, apparently, there are no dogmas to defend, no moral law to expound, no principles upon which to act. Let a man pick and choose any eccentric outlook on life that he desires; there will always be room for him among the Unitarians.

All of which must make things pretty rough for the poor Unitarian minister. What subject can he preach about that will be acceptable to his entire audience? What principles can he appeal to without running into the danger of being stoned out of the pulpit?

Of course, Unitarians, we are told, are as a general rule so well-bred and polite as to consider it somewhat vulgar to parade one's special and particular religious beliefs. If this be true, our own opinion is that their politeness has caused them to retreat into a forest of unutterable religious confusion.

End of a Line

Sister Jennie is one of the few Shakers left in the United States. She lives with half a dozen of her co-religionists in a religious settlement in Mount Lebanon, New York. Recently a reporter from *The New Yorker* magazine called on her. His purpose was to find out the present position of Shakerism in this country. About all he found was Sister Jennie and her few ancient friends.

But there had been better days before. Sister Jennie recounted how once upon a time there had been hundreds of men and women living in the settlement, working, praying and shaking, and having very little contact with the

outside world. But due to the fact that one of the chief doctrines of the religion was celibacy for all, the day came when the buildings began to empty and no newcomers appeared to take the place of the brothers and sisters who had been carried away by death.

The reporter was interested in discovering how the religion was expected to grow if there was to be no marriage or giving in marriage. Sister Jennie answered that new members were added through conversion from the world outside. "We've converted," she said, "Jews, atheists, and all kinds of Protestants—everything but Catholics."

She had no explanation to offer for the coldness of Catholics towards Shakerism. Perhaps it was due to the fact that Catholics believed (even though some did not live up to the belief) that they already had the true religion. Or it may be that weak and careless Catholics felt as did a well-known fallen-away Catholic of some years back. Someone asked him what religion he intended to join now that he no longer practiced the Catholic religion. "Sir," he answered, "I may have lost my faith. But I have not lost my reason."

The "Godless" One

In the articles carried under the heading "Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins" in Collier's magazine, it is revealed that when the allied representatives had outlined to Stalin the forthcoming invasion of Africa during the last war, he suddenly exclaimed: "May God help this enterprise to succeed."

This is just one more evidence of the force of the words: "There are no atheists in fox-holes."

It is one more proof of the fact that men cannot forget, through a million shouted denials and an arsenal-backed effort to stamp out all religion in a nation, that God still holds, serenely in His hands, the destinies of men.

Like the braggart atheist lying injured and in great pain in the street after an accident, crying out instinctively "O God, O God!", so Josef Stalin, leader of a godless party, sponsor of a newspaper named "The Godless", enforcer of godlessness by law and by arms upon his people, cried out in a moment of great need: "God help us!"

In his moments of naked tragedy, no man is the Scriptural fool who says in his heart "There is no God."

Schedule

One of our far-flung correspondents sends us the following list of rules which, he states, he found posted in a British library in Barnet Vale, Hertfordshire, England:

It is the saying of holy men that, if we wish to be perfect, we have nothing more to do than perform the ordinary duties of the day well. A short road to perfection—short not because easy, but because pertinent and intelligible.

If you ask me then what you are to do in order to be perfect, I say, first, do not lie in bed beyond the due time of rising; give your first thoughts to God; make a good visit to the Blessed Sacrament; say the Angelus devoutly; eat and drink to God's glory; say the rosary well; be recollected; keep out bad thoughts; make your evening meditation well; examine your conscience daily.

—Cardinal Newman



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

HISTORY OF HERESIES

Chapter XIV. Heresies of the 16th Century

2. *Heresy of Calvin:*

John Calvin was born in Picardy on July 10, 1509, in the village of Pont-l'Eveque. He was the third son of Gerard Cauvin. In later years the heretic changed his name to Calvin. The father, of Flemish descent, and a saddler by trade, obtained a chaplaincy for his son, while as yet only 12 years of age, and later the curacy of the village of Marteville. Thanks to these two benefices John was able, from his early youth, to apply himself to studies to which God had given him a peculiar aptitude. But he applied his talents to his own ruin and that of the many kingdoms which he perverted.

After finishing the study of the humanities, Calvin was sent by his father to Bourges to take up the study of law. Calvin himself, however, wished to study Greek and placed himself under the direction of Melchior Wolmar, who taught that language at Bourges. Secretly a Lutheran, the professor perceived the hardy talent of his new pupil and set out gradually to infect him with his own heresy. He persuaded Calvin to abandon the study of law and to take up that of theology. Calvin scarcely studied the science, however, and mastered nothing of it.

Meanwhile, his father died, and Calvin returned to his native town, where he immediately, and without scruple, sold his two benefices. Shortly afterwards he went to Paris and it was there, when he was no more than 18 years of age, that he sowed the first seeds of

his heresy. While at Paris he wrote a book, entitled "On Clemency", in which he encouraged everyone to suffer generously for the truth, pretending in it to propogate a new doctrine. Actually the book was nothing more than a conglomeration of the grossest errors, calumnies against the Catholic Church, and pompous eulogies of heretics who had died by fire and whom he called "the great martyrs of the Church."

As a result of his writings and other indications which he gave of his perverse intentions, Calvin was sought out for arrest by the government. He managed to escape Paris, however, in disguise, and fled to Geneva, Switzerland. Before his flight, a priest-friend attempted to dissuade him, pleading with Calvin not to risk the loss of his soul. To this Calvin responded: "If I had the past to live over again, I would not abandon the faith of my fathers. But now that I have engaged myself in spreading my new doctrines, I will not cease to defend them to my death." And a short time later, in Geneva, he made still another contradictory statement. Upon being asked by a nephew whether it was possible for one to be saved while remaining in the Roman Church, Calvin responded in the affirmative.

From Geneva, Calvin fled to England, where he remained for three years. There he taught Greek, drawing upon the little knowledge of the language which he had received from his beloved Wolmar. While thus engaged he also composed

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the greater part of his pernicious work, *The Institution*, written in elegant Latin, and composed, for the most part, of excerpts taken from the writings of Melancthon, Ecolampadius and other heretics. While in England he stayed with Louis of Tillet, the Cure of Claix, and gradually the heretic won the Cure over to his sect. Louis was persuaded by Calvin to accompany him to Germany, but while passing through Geneva, Louis' brother dissuaded him from doing so and Calvin proceeded alone.

At Strassbourg Calvin held meetings with Bucer and other Protestants in an attempt to reunite the Lutherans and Zwinglians. But it was to no avail, as neither party was willing to cede a point on the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist. Calvin proposed a compromise, but again Bucer was adamant and sent the young heretic to interview Erasmus. Erasmus welcomed him and questioned him at length. But when Calvin had departed, Erasmus exclaimed to a friend: "I behold in this young man the preparation of a great plague which will bring immense harm to the Church."

Recognizing the difficulty of obtaining disciples in Germany, Calvin returned to France in 1535, taking up his residence at Poitiers. There he began to dogmatize in secret, but after gaining a large number of disciples, he took over one of the chairs of the University in the hall called "The Ministry". From this his disciples received the name, Ministers, just as those of Luther were called Preachers.

From Poitiers, Calvin sent his followers to the neighboring towns and villages, thus increasing his following. At the University, the heretic formulated the four articles of his sect and established his "Coena", or as he called it, *The Eating*. His followers celebrated it

in secret and in this manner: there was first a reading from the New Testament dealing with the Eucharist, followed by a short address, usually a series of calumnies against the Pope and the Sacrifice of the Mass, for Calvin maintained that no other sacrifice was mentioned in the Scriptures than that of the Cross. Finally, bread and wine were placed on the table, and instead of the consecration, the minister simply pronounced these words: "Brethren, let us eat the bread and drink the wine of the Lord, in memory of his Passion and death". The service was completed by short prayers of thanksgiving and the recitation of the Our Father and the Creed.

The new Church, however, began to encounter many difficulties at Poitiers as a result of the enforcement of the royal decrees against the Reformers. Calvin, therefore, retired to Nerac, a city of Aquitaine, where resided Marguerite, queen of Navarre, sister of the king of France and a protector of the new doctrines. But the royal edicts followed him even here, and Calvin was forced to leave France and flee once more to Switzerland. He took up his residence at Bale. Here he completed his work "Institution of the Christian Religion", and in 1535, when only 26 years of age, published it under this inscription: "I have not come to bring peace, but the sword". This was, indeed, a portent of the great harm which this work was to bring to France and to the other kingdoms where his pestilential doctrine was to penetrate.

For a short time, Calvin attempted something which neither Luther or any of the other Reformers had dared to do, namely to spread his heresy in Italy. After this proved unsuccessful, he firmly entrenched himself in Geneva and for some years spread his doctrines without

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hindrance. Even here, however, he encountered opposition from the magistrates of the city over his manner of celebrating the "Coena", and was finally expelled from the city with his close disciple, Farel.

Calvin left Switzerland entirely after a short stay at Berne, and repaired again to Strassbourg where he was welcomed once more by his friend, Bucer. Here he was made professor of theology and

a minister of the new religion in which he reunited all the French and Flemish who had embraced his doctrine. It was in this city, also, that he married Idellette of Bures, in 1538. Idelette was the widow of an Anabaptist. She lived with Calvin for 40 years. According to some historians she bore him no children, but others state that she bore a son who lived only ten days.

Quizzers Quizzed

For the consolation of our young readers who suffer an inferiority complex in the presence of school-teachers we cite the sad showing made by one-hundred school teachers in Colorado.

During a convention being held in that state at which 6,000 teachers were present, these 100 were selected at random and asked to take the standard eighth grade history test. When the papers were turned in, the average note was found to be a sharp 67 percent, and among the collection of boners among the answers were the following:

Lincoln was assassinated by Aaron Burr.

Robert E. Lee was President of the Confederacy.

The Western States were won to the Union as a result of the Spanish-American War, and the Monroe Doctrine guaranteed equal rights for all.

Rival

We like a little story we recently came across about Babe Ruth. The Bambino, it seems, was visiting a friend of his in Jackson Heights, New York, not long ago, and one evening he sat on the porch watching a sand-lot baseball game which was taking place just across the street, with none of the participants more than ten years old.

It was, as might be expected, a wild and woolly game, and after it was over one of the youngsters marched over to where the Babe sat, proudly threw out his chest and remarked:

"Boy, I had some day! Three home runs!"

"Baloney!" growled the ex-home-run king. "I had my eye on those balls. They were all foul!"

Faith of Five Continents

From the Mission almanac come the following figures on the state of Christianity in the world:

Continent	Catholics	Non-Catholics	Non-Christians
Europe	220,000,000	234,000,000	31,000,000
America, N. and S.	103,000,000	85,000,000	21,000,000
Africa	7,000,000	9,000,000	123,000,000
Asia	18,000,000	9,000,000	970,000,000
Oceania and Australasia...	2,500,000	5,500,000	1,000,000

BOOK LOVERS DEPARTMENT



CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

Most Rev. Alban Goodier, 1869-1939
Master of the Spiritual Life

I. Life:

Alban Goodier was born in Lancashire, England, in 1869. He entered the famous Jesuit College of Stonyhurst in 1882. On graduating from college he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Manresa at the age of eighteen. The University of London conferred on him the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1891. Then followed six years of teaching at his Alma Mater, where the young scholastic was esteemed by the boys as a great teacher and a Christian gentleman. After his ordination in 1903 Father Goodier served at the Manresa novitiate for nine years. During the first world war Father Goodier was appointed principal of the Jesuit College in Bombay, India, as the former teachers, the German Jesuits, had been interned by the English government. Pope Benedict XV selected him for the important post of Archbishop of Bombay in 1919. Due to the power of patronage that the Holy See had given to the throne of Portugal there was another Archbishop who laid claim to the see of Bombay. Finally Archbishop Goodier resigned in 1926, since he thought this was for the good of the Church. He was then appointed titular Archbishop of Hierapolis and returned to England. Cardinal Bourne chose him as auxiliary bishop of Westminster in 1930, but Archbishop Goodier resigned in 1932 and retired to serve as chaplain of a Benedictine convent. The remaining seven years of his life were devoted to writing and preaching. On March 13, 1939, he died, to the great sorrow of Catholics and non-Catholics alike who revered him as a great leader and a spiritual man.

II. Writings:

His literary talent was manifested in his school days by the prizes he won for his writings. Archbishop Goodier specialized in books that treated of the spiritual life. Most of his books were written about Sacred Scripture, principally on some aspect of the personality of Christ. Few men possessed so profound a knowledge of the Bible as he did. In all his writings there is a constant and varied weaving of Scripture texts and allusions into his thought.

The Life That is Life is a three volume summary of the conferences that the author addressed to various groups in a long life of preaching. *The Inner Life of the Catholic* shows the influence of the Holy Ghost on the Church and the Catholic. *The Meaning of Life* and *The School of Love* are short essays on the Christian life. *Saints for Sinners* are encouraging sketches of lives of great saints who were formerly great sinners.

III. The Book:

The Public Life of Our Lord is one of his best known works. It forms the basis for many of his shorter volumes. Although Archbishop Goodier was a real scholar, he had the ability to write a life of Christ that was not burdened with learned discussions of no interest to the ordinary reader. The life of the God-man, who was meant to be the model of all men, is unfolded in the simple dignity appropriate to it. The reader of this life will not only know, but also love, Christ.

OCTOBER BOOK REVIEWS

The Way to Happiness

The Precious Secret. By Fulton Oursler. 241 pp. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. \$2.75.

It is strange to hear a modern author maintain that the modern psychological rules for mental hygiene are "nothing more than the Great Psychologist's eight rules for sound mental health." Modern Psychology has come a long way for anyone to proclaim that the eight beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount are *The Precious Secret* that leads to happiness.

Fulton Oursler demonstrates that the rules outlined by a modern teacher really are but the rephrasing of the ancient doctrine of the Great Teacher. The first chapters explain the basic rules for happiness. Special emphasis is placed on the one that is so often forgotten—the absolute need for a definite goal in life. The remainder of the book is concerned with the case histories of men and women who have found *The Precious Secret*. Morrison and du Nouy are two scientists who have affirmed their belief in God and the spiritual nature of man. Father Purcell, the beggar of St. Jude, found happiness in laboring for the colored in the South. A minister found joy in ensuring the success of 95% of his marriages by the pre-marital counselling he gave. Father Flanagan features in the story of his toughest customer. Red Cap 42 received his reward in the service he rendered to harrassed travellers. There are other stories—most of which appeared in the Reader's Digest—that tell how the following of the Beatitudes has led to happiness.

At first reading this might appear to be another Pollyanna book of saccharine success stories. But the very definite philosophy of the book prevents the application of this label. These are not mere vague effusions of tips to happiness, but concrete suggestions based on the doctrine of Christ. At times one might quarrel with an interpretation of a beatitude, but the doctrine is sound. Fulton Oursler is a convert to the Church who is devoting his time to bringing religion back to the American people. He recognizes the good that men and women of all creeds are doing. But he does not fall into the easy snare of indifferentism. The careful reader will discover that when he talks about the Church as the savior of civilization he means the Catholic Church. Catholic and non-Catholic

readers will be inspired by this book by the author of the popular radio serial, *The Greatest Story*.

Another Book by Father Boylan

The Mystical Body. By Rev. M. Eugene Boylan, O. Cist. R. 129 pp. Westminster: Newman Bookshop. \$1.75.

In recent years much attention has been centered on St. Paul's explanation of the doctrine of the Mystical Body. Theologians have expounded the Scriptural and traditional basis of the dogma, as well as examined its place in systematic theology. Many writers have issued popular works for the instruction of the laity. Recently the Holy Father has made it the subject of an encyclical. Despite all these efforts a new book on this subject is always welcome, especially when it comes from so gifted a pen as Father Boylan's.

The grasp of the principles of theology and the clarity and forcefulness of expression that were evidenced in his previous book, *This Tremendous Lover*, are also present in this volume. The book is concerned with the vital union that exists between Christ and Christians. The two most common figures of speech, the vine and its branches and the Mystical Body, are examined in the first two chapters. The author is careful to insist that these words are only metaphors—figures of speech that suggest, but do not exhaust the depths of the doctrine. After this the fact of our incorporation into Christ is explained. Great emphasis is placed on our role of living and increasing the life of Christ that exists in us through sanctifying grace. There is a beautiful and sound chapter on Mary as the Mother of the whole Christ.

This book is intended for the thinking Catholic who desires to know more about the union with Christ that is expressed under the metaphor of *The Mystical Body*. It is simple yet profound in its exposition. In this book Father Boylan shows himself a worthy successor of his two great Irish predecessors, Abbot Columba Marmion, O.S.B., and Father Edward Leen, C. SS.R.

Mother Cabrini

Westward By Command. By Maire Cotter. 159 pp. Cork: The Mercier Press 10/6.

This is a new life of Mother Cabrini who was sent to the West by the command of the

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Holy Father. It is written in a simple and enthusiastic style by the Irish author, Maire Cotter. Mother Cabrini, despite her frail health, crossed the ocean many times in her royal quest for souls. All her labors and trials are presented with great sympathy by Miss Cotter. Although this latest biography is not as complete as some of the other works, readers will enjoy the tale of her life.

For New Parents

Is It a Saint's Name? Compiled by Rev. Wm. P. Dunne. Published by Integrity Supply, P. O. Box 6508, Chicago, 80, Ill. 48 pp. Price, 25 cents, 20 cents in lots of 10 or more.

Conductors of question boxes in various Catholic periodicals and newspapers will rejoice to see this low-priced, handy manual of Christian names made available to parents, because so large a number of questions put to them concern disputes over the Christian origin of certain names. In this booklet, over 3,000 Christian names for boys and girls are listed, together with the date on which the feast of the saint represented by the name is celebrated. There is added a quite comprehensive list of patron saints to be invoked by various trades, professions, and against various dangers. This book should be incorporated, like the cook book, in the minimum libraries of young housekeepers. It not only will give the answer as to whether a suggested name for a new baby is Christian or not, but will provide a treasury of suggestions for those who have not made up their minds on a name for a new arrival.

American Hierarchy

Twenty-four American Cardinals. By Brendan A. Finn. Published by Bruce-Humphries, Boston. 475 pp. Price, \$5.00.

It is good to have, gathered together in one place, a list of all the Cardinals who served the Church in America, and something about the background from which they came, and the environment in which they exercised their leadership. However, this is just about the extent of the value of the present work. As history it presents little that cannot be found in the most elementary textbook; as literature it abounds in clichés, principally the clichés of eulogy; and as a study of personalities it is uniformly barren. In fact, the 24 American Cardinals emerge from the book as a series of stamped out stereotypes, not

as a procession of gifted but highly varied human individuals such as they actually were. Of course one should not expect too much of such short studies as the author was obviously limited to, and, we repeat, it is good to have a reference book in which one can easily and quickly find the elementary data about all the American Cardinals.

St. Jane Francis De Chantal

Exhortations, Conferences, and Instructions.

By St. Jane Francis. 478 pp. Westminster: Newman Bookshop. \$3.75.

St. Jane Francis was filled with the gentle spirit of St. Francis De Sales. This is revealed in the book of conferences to her sisters of the Visitation. The exhortations were given at the chapters of the community; the conferences during recreation; and the instructions in the novitiate. The Saint holds up the highest ideals of sanctity and does not hesitate to reprimand any deviation from these ideals. These talks are short and practical.

New Translation of the Divine Comedy

Dante Theologian. By Rev. Patrick Cummins, O.S.B. 604 pp. St. Louis: Herder. \$6.00.

This book has its origin in the Encyclical on Dante issued by Pope Pius XII. Before reading this letter the author had been prejudiced against Dante. He considered him a great poet, but also a small-minded, vindictive and vituperative man who allowed personal spleen to mar the beauty of his work. But the high praise of the Sovereign Pontiff turned Father Cummins to a thorough study of the master. The result is the present volume.

It is a completely new translation of the Divine Comedy. It follows very closely the form of the original, even to the use of the terza rima and the length of his line, eleven syllables. Despite this self-imposed handicap the English version is not only a faithful rendition but also a beautiful, idiomatic translation. Besides the poetic translation, there is also a simple prose paraphrase. Parallel to this latter version is a theological commentary. A dictionary of proper names also clarifies much of the historical setting of the poem.

Father Cummins has made a very definite contribution to the Dante literature. It will serve as a very practical introduction to the beginner and a valuable aid to the student of Dante.

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Best Sellers

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, published at the University of Scranton.

I. Suitable for family reading:

Malabar Farm—*Bromfield*
 I Thee Wed—*Gabriel*
 God the Father—*Guerrey*
 Poor Scholar—*Kiely*
 You and Your Doctor—*Miller*
 The Human Wisdom of St. Thomas—*Pieper*
 The Cantic of Canticles—*Pouget*
 The Babe Ruth Story—*Ruth*
 A Russian Journal—*Steinbeck*
 Toward World Peace—*Wallace*
 Melissa—*Caldwell*
 Chrysanthia—*Drake*
 Heart in Pilgrimage—*Eaton*
 Divided—*Freedman*
 The Victory of Paul Kent—*Hale*
 With Crooked Lines—*Hartley*
 Exile Ends in Glory—*Merton*
 We Need Not Fail—*Welles*
 The American Democracy—*Laski*
 Maurice Baring—*Laura*
 The More Perfect Union—*MacIver*
 You and Psychiatry—*Menninger*
 The First Freedom—*Parsons*
 My Own Story—*Robinson*
 Civilization on Trial—*Toynbee*
 How to Stop Worrying and Start Living—*Carnegie*
 Diaries—*Dormer*
 The Iron Curtain—*Gouzenko*
 Getting Along With Unions—*Greenman*
 The Memoirs of Cordell Hull—*Hull*

II. Suitable for adults:

A. Because style and contents are too advanced for adolescents:

The Gathering Storm—*Churchill*
 The Foolish Gentlewoman—*Sharp*
 Space and Spirit—*Whittaker*
 Patrick Calls Me Mother—*Barley*
 Lace Curtain—*Berlin*
 The Web of Evil—*Emerick*
 American Arbitration—*Kellor*
 Plunder—*Adams*
 The Price of Power—*Baldwin*
 Abram Son of Terah—*Bauer*
 President Roosevelt and the Coming of War—*Beard*
 The Death of Socrates—*Guardini*

Battle Reports: The End of an Empire

—*Karig*
 The March of Muscovy—*Lamb*
 Memphis Down in Dixie—*McIlwaine*
 A Guide to Confident Living—*Peale*
 Communism and the Conscience of the West—*Sheen*

B. Because of immoral incidents which do not, however, invalidate the book as a whole:

Paris Mitchell of King's Row—*Bellamann*
 Peony—*Buck*
 Free Admission—*Chase*
 A Treasury of Science Fiction—*Conklin*
 Arabesque—*Household*
 My Flag is Down—*Maresca*
 The Proud Way—*Seifert*
 Reluctant Rebel—*van de Water*
 Tobias Brandywine—*Wickenden*
 The Golden Hawk—*Yerby*
 Shannon's Way—*Cronin*
 The Heart of the Matter—*Greene*
 Something's Got to Give—*Hargrove*
 The Negro in America—*Rose*
 The Reconstruction of Humanity—*Sorokin*
 On Active Service in Peace and War—*Stimson*
 The Loved One—*Waugh*
 The Hatfields and the McCoys—*Jones*
 The Flames of Time—*Kendrick*
 The Stilwell Papers—*Stilwell*
 Bright Feather—*Wilder*

III. Suitable only for the discriminating reader:

The Goebbels Diaries—*Goebbels*
 The Outer Edges—*Jackson*

IV. Not suitable for any reader:

World Without Visa—*Malaquais*
 Stranger in the Earth—*Sugrue*
 Everybody Slept Here—*Arnold*
 Enjoyment of Living—*Eastman*
 Asylum for the Queen—*Jordan*
 Never Love a Stranger—*Robbins*
 Such As We—*Sichel*
 Important People—*Van Gelder*



Lucid Intervals

The lady passenger on the Fifth Avenue bus was making a pest of herself. Every five minutes she'd ask the conductor, "Have we come to Riverside Drive yet?" She was getting on his nerves, but he kept his temper. Finally, she cried, "How will I know when we come to Riverside Drive?"

He couldn't resist that. "By the big smile on my face, lady, by the big smile on my face."

Nit: "Do you work in the shirt factory?"

Wit: "Yes."

Nit: "Why aren't you working today?"

Wit: "We are making nightshirts this week."

A woman became interested in a gang of workmen who were repairing the street in front of her house. She halted to watch the operation. "Which one is foreman?" she asked.

"I am foreman," said a broad-shouldered Irishman, proudly.

"Really, are you?"

"Am I?" he asked. "I'll prove it to you, ma'am." He glanced about, singling out the nearest workman. "Kelly," he barked, "you're fired!"

Street Car Conductor: "How old are you, little girl?"

Little Boston Girl: "If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics."

Waiter—"This is the best restaurant in town. If you order eggs, you get the freshest in town. If you order hot soup, you get the hottest in town."

Diner—"I believe you're right. I ordered a small steak."

Indians have wonderful memories. While driving from Durango, Colo., to Gallup, N. M., a man asked a copper-colored chief on the highway if he liked eggs. He grunted, "Yes."

Two weeks later, returning through the reservation, the man spied the same Indian. He stuck his hand out of the car window and shouted, by way of greeting, "How?"

The chief answered, "Scrambled!"

Two young brothers were arguing. Said the elder, to clinch what he had been saying: "I ought to know. Don't I go to school, stupid?" "Yes," replied the other, "and you come home the same way."

Young Angus had been out late with his girl. When he reached home he found his father waiting up for him. "Have you been out with that lassie again?" asked the old man.

"Aye, Father, but why do you look so worried?" replied Angus.

"I was just wondering how much the evening cost," he responded.

"No more than half a crown."

"Aye? That was not so much."

"No, Father, but it was all she had."

Asked where her husband might be found, the wife replied that he had gone fishing.

"Just walk down to the bridge," she suggested, caustically, "and look around until you find a rod with a worm on each end."

"You say you saw this accident while bumping a ride on the freight train involved, Jake?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just where were you when the accident occurred?"

"About 50 cars from the crossing."

"Do you remember the time?"

"Yes. It was about two a. m."

With a smile of triumph, the lawyer exclaimed, "Imagine—50 car lengths at two in the morning! Your eyesight must be exceptionally good, Jake. How far do you think you can see at night, anyway?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," returned Jake serenely. "Just how far away is the moon?"

The teacher stood before his class. He tossed a question at one of his pupils—a seven-year-old boy who was sitting with his head cupped in his hands.

"What," asked the teacher, "were the greatest obstacles the Pilgrims encountered when they landed at Plymouth Rock?"

The kid looked up, annoyed. "Don't bother me," he snapped. "I've got my own troubles!"

An Investment in the Future

- During her apparitions at Fatima, the Blessed Virgin prophesied a terrible future for the civilized nations of the world **unless** penance was done for the sins of mankind and a new crusade of prayer would be taken up by all who believe in God. The form of prayer that she insisted on repeatedly as capable of changing the future was the rosary.

The hints the Blessed Mother gave of impending and universal suffering are sufficient to strike terror into any heart. But they should also inspire a great new confidence in the means to avert it which she prescribed.

Exercise such confidence by starting to say the family rosary today. Make it a daily event in your home. Join the millions who have already taken up the practice. Do your part in the crusade of penance and prayer, as an investment in your family's welfare and the safety of your future, both on earth and in heaven.

Motion Picture Guide

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Reviewed This Week

Arkansas Swing, The
Babe Ruth Story, The
Daredevils of the Clouds
Das Maedchen Irene (German)
Frontier Agent
Partners Over Sunset
Silent Conflict
Strawberry Roan, The

Previously Reviewed

Adventures in Silverado
Back Trail
Monogram
Berlin Express
Beyond Glory
Big Punch, The
Big Town Scandal
Bill and Coo
Blazing Across the Pecos
Blondie's Reward
Bold Frontiersman, The
California Firebrand
Campus Sleuth
Carson City Raiders
Challenge, The
Dangerous Years
Date with Judy, A
Dead Don't Dream, The
Deep Waters
Design for Death
Docks of New Orleans
Dude Goes West, The
Easter Parade
Enchanted Valley
Feudin', Fussin' and A-Fightin'
Fighting Back
Fighting Father Dunne
Fort Apache
Four Faces West (formerly They
Passed This Way)
French Leave
Fugitive, The
Fury at Furnace Creek
Gallant Legion, The
Give My Regards to Broadway
Green Grass of Wyoming
Guas of Hate
Hawk of Powder River, The
Heart of Virginia
If You Knew Susie
Inside Story, The
I Remember Mama
Iron Curtain, The
Jiggs and Maggie in Society
Joe Palooka in Fighting Mad
Kings of The Olympics
Melody Time
Mickey
Miracle of the Bells, The
My Dog Rusty
My Girl Tisa
Noose Hangs High
Northwest Stampede
Oklahoma Blues
Old Los Angeles
Olympic Calvacade
On An Island With You

Prairie Outlaws
Range Renegades
Return of the Badmen
Return of the Whistler, The
Road to Rio
Scudda-Hoo, Scudda-Hay
Search, The
Secret Service Investigator
Shaggy
16 Fathoms Deep
Song of Idaho
Speed to Spare
Spiritualist, The
Tale of the Navajos
Tarzan and the Mermaids
13 Lead Soldiers
Timber Trail
Tioga Kid, The
T-Men
Trail to Laredo
Trapped by Boston Blackie
Triggerman
Under California Stars
West of Sonora
Whirlwind Raiders
Winners Circle
Who Killed Doc Robin
Wreck of the Hesperus, The

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

Black Arrow, The
Eyes of Texas
Gay Intruders, The
Good Sam
Moonrise
Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid
Rachel and the Stranger
Sorry Wrong Number
Thunderhoof

Previously Reviewed

Abbott and Costello Meet Frank-
enstein
Angry God, The
Another Part of the Forest
April Showers
Arizona Ranger
Assigned to Danger
B. F.'s Daughter
Big City
Big Clock, The
Black Bart
Blonde Ice
Body and Soul
Bride Goes Wild, The
Brothers, The
Caged Fury
Canon City
Checkered Coat, The
Close-Up
Cobra Strikes, The
Coroner Creek
Counterfeiters, The
Crossed Trails
Dear Murderer
Devil's Cargo
Emperor Waltz, The
End of the River, The

Escape
Fabulous Joe
Farrebuque (French)
For You I Die
Fuller Brush Man, The
Half Past Midnight
Hamlet
Hatter's Castle
Here Comes Trouble
Homecoming
Ideal Husband, An
I, Jane Doe
Jinx Money
Key Largo
King of the Gamblers
Let's Live Again
Life With Father
Lightnin' in the Forest
Lost One, The (La Traviata)
Man-Eater of Kumaon
Man from Texas
Mating of Millie
Meet Me at Dawn
Michael O'Halloran
Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream
House
Mr. Reckless
Money Madness
Mystery in Mexico
Naked City, The
Night Has a Thousand Eyes
Night Unto Night
October Man
Open Secret
Paradine Case, The
Pearl, The
Piccadilly Incident
Pirate, The
Pitfall, The
Portrait of Innocence (French)
Port Said
Race Street
Raw Deal
River Lady
Romance on the High Seas
Saigon
Sainted Sisters, The
Showtime
Silver River
Sitting Pretty
So Evil My Love
So This Is New York
Springtime
State of the Union
Street With No Name, The
Summer Holiday
Tap Roots
Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven
Time of Your Life, The
Train to Alcatraz
Twisted Road, The (formerly
Your Red Wagon)
Unconquered
Up in Central Park
Velvet Touch, The
Vicious Circle, The
Water Front at Midnight
Will It Happen Again?
Winter Meeting
Woman in White, The